Liberty

DEC. 31,
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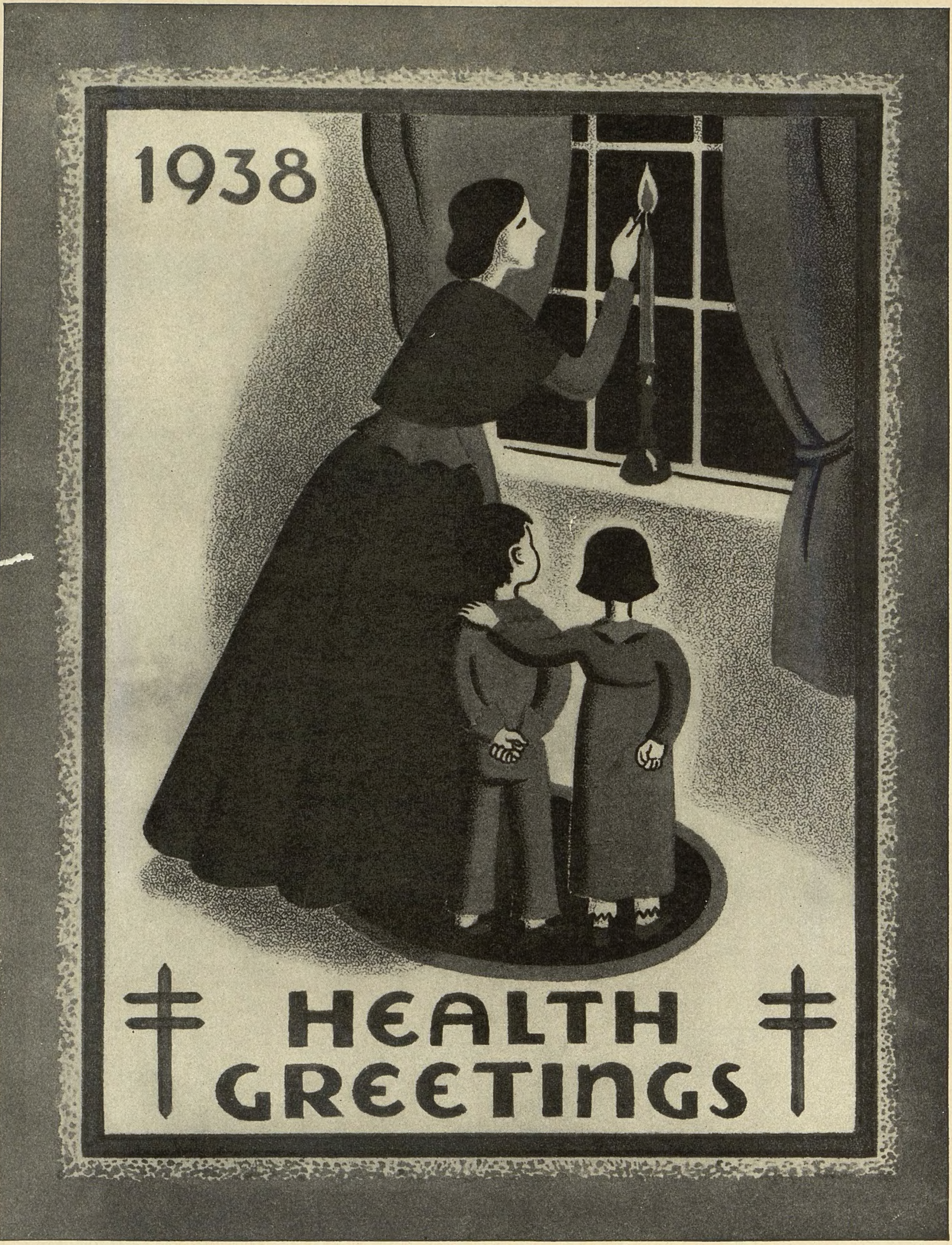
Mrs. ROOSEVELT ANSWERS MR. WELLS ON **FUTURE of JEW**

RICH MAN IN SING SING: BEHIND THE WALLS WITH WHITNE

PEACE or BREATHING SPELL? by Vincent Sheea


1938
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DECEMBER 31, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 53

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
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HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

IS THE WORLD RETURNING TO SAVAGERY?

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The vicious attacks on the Jews in Germany have no parallel . . . at least in this modern age.

We in this country have been appalled at the wanton cruelties which have been recorded in Hitler's domain. It seems like a return to savagery that is hardly credible.

We have always preferred to believe that the world is growing better . . . that modern inventions that enable people to contact each other more closely would develop a better understanding throughout the nations of the world . . . that this closer association would make them more humane . . . help us toward the millennium that would bring the brotherhood of mankind.

But from recent developments it appears as though it has made a more convenient avenue for the manifestation of greed and selfishness. And an outlet for the murderous instincts that seem to be a part of the elemental viciousness of humankind.

The brutality, apparently condoned by German officials, would indicate that the Dark Ages are with us again . . . at least, it would seem so in that country. It is indeed difficult to believe that the wholesome, plodding, home-loving Germans . . . the rank and file . . . could commend the atrocities that have apparently been committed against the Jews. Such monstrous injustice is inconceivable.

And yet, following the ruthlessness of the Japanese in their attacks on defenseless women and children in the cities of China, and similar recklessness manifested during the war in Spain, we may well stop and ask, What is the world coming to?

And while we are confused and bewildered when considering this infamous record, it might be well to look within our own national environments. It is not so long ago that John L. Lewis went on a rampage against industrialists and nonunion men. Every workman should belong to his union, was his slogan.

He is reported to have given half a million dollars to the Democratic campaign fund. Madam Perkins, the Secretary of Labor, is said to be one of his best friends. And the viciousness and violence, the lawlessness associated with his sit-down strikes will be remembered for many years to come.

To hell with the interest of business, and the same place should be kept open for nonunion men, as far as he was concerned. If they failed to pay dues to his union, they would have to take the consequences.

The sit-down strikes brought losses totaling millions and hundreds of millions to the various industries of this country. It put millions of capable workmen on the dole and WPA jobs. And right in the midst of the hectic swirl of this hideous attack upon industry came the statement by Madam Perkins that "the legality of the sit-down strike has not yet been decided."

Could the violent agitators, many of whom were pro-Communistic, have had anything better to encourage them in their infamous raid upon our industrial system?

Hundreds of businesses, innumerable towns had to endure losses that brought huge indebtedness due to this sit-down lawlessness. Akron was the one outstanding example, which we have previously stated became a ghost town as a result of the disorder that accompanied the efforts of Lewis and his Communistic agitators.

And as we wonder at the wanton recklessness of the German dictator in allowing the vicious attacks on the Jews in his country, it is not entirely out of place to make a comparison which will be unwelcome to the average citizen, and especially to the died-in-the-wool New Dealers.

The inhuman and reckless conduct of many of the leaders of the sit-down strikes was not far different from that which we find recorded in Germany against the Jews; and when Lewis sent his legions on the rampage, there were viciousness, brutalities, and even murders which alarmed the law-abiding citizens of this country.

To raise the standard of living for workers should be our paramount objective. But labor will never come into its own . . . will never be able to settle its quarrels . . . until employers and employees realize they are really partners, and work together on that basis . . . with a friendly understanding of their mutual responsibilities.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Mrs. ROOSEVELT ANSWERS M

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BY MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IN Liberty last week Mr. H. G. Wells says: " The only way out from the present human catastrophe, for Jew and Gentile alike, is a world-wide conscious educational emancipation. In books, universities, colleges, schools, newspapers, plays, assemblies we want incessant, ruthless truth-telling about these old legends that divide and antagonize and waste us."

All this is perfectly true, Mr. Wells, and the picture which you draw of the future that awaits us all, if we llow the kind of racial and religious intolerance which s sweeping the world today to keep merrily on its way, s probably a true picture. I cannot help wondering, however, if you are not aiding that lack of truth-telling just little when you start your article by putting so much f the blame for the present situation on the shoulders of those Jews who are always conscious of their own race?

This attitude on their part seems to me perfectly understandable as we look back in history and realize that always, for one reason or another, the people among whom the Jews have lived have kept them more or less a race apart.

Restrictions are not new to the Jews. For many years they lived in restricted areas and under restrictive laws. They were barred from certain professions and from certain businesses. We have come to think that they enjoyed being moneylenders in the Middle Ages, but I wonder if it was not forced upon them. As the years have gone on, most of the restrictions have been wiped out, but assimilation is a slow process, particularly where a proud people is concerned, and today we are seeing in some countries a return to the attitude of the Middle Ages. I do not think this is entirely because of anything which the Jewish people have done.

Some of my friends are vociferously saying, as you do, that the real trouble with the Jewish people is that they never allow themselves really to belong to any people among whom they live; they always remain a nation within a nation. On the other hand, they are accused of being too ostentatiously patriotic and of pushing themselves forward as nationals of this or that nation.

It is not their religion which is opposed, and yet one must recognize that it is their religion which keeps them a race. There are people in the world who are more purely Semitic than they are, but it is their religion which seems to have made them conscious of themselves as a race as well as a religious sect. Here and there a few of them will seem to forget it, but when they do, it is not their own race only which reminds them of their disloyalty, for I have heard many Christians remark that they admired those Jews who adhered to the old customs and did not allow themselves to forget either their race or their religion.

THIS being the case, the blame, it seems to me, cannot be entirely shrugged off the shoulders of the Gentiles. It is true, perhaps, that on occasions the Jewish people haven't scattered themselves sufficiently through a wide area where they could be less concentrated in a racial group. They have perhaps not grasped all the opportunities open to them to diversify their occupations, which has resulted in their concentration in certain professions which leads inevitably to resentment in those places where the predominance becomes noticeable.

I think there may be a partial explanation not touched upon by Mr. Wells, however, which we Christians may not like but which we should at least, in all honesty, face: It may be because certain races have suddenly become aware of their own inferiority that they have become so intolerant today.

Take ourselves here in the United States, for instance. Many of us might say that among the vast majority of less well educated and less well born Jews, and even among those who have been successful and who have the advantages of education and culture, there are certain mannerisms or traits of character which rub us the wrong way. But that is not what leads to hate and persecution, for we feel that same way about other nationals and we have no desire to wipe out any of them because we are still sure of our equality in competition.

I have heard innumerable people say they were never comfortable with Far Eastern races because they felt they could never quite fathom what went on in their minds. I have heard people say that they dislike traveling in Germany because German men were often so regardless of the comfort of their fellow travelers and seemed to consider that their importance required entire oblivion to the presence of any one else. I have heard people say that in France and in Italy they found dirt and habits of living which made their journeying unpleasant. In fact our soldiers during the World War found it easier to

WELLS ON THE FUTURE OF THE JEWS

FUTURE OF THE JEWS

BY H. G. WELLS

MR. WELLS IS WRONG
Says Mrs. ROOSEVELT

"It is secret fear that the Jews are stronger which brings about oppression" . . . Forthrightly, America's First Lady debates a world-shaking problem of today

The Liberty article, by a noted Britisher, which brought a reply from the wife of our President.

billet in German houses on the Rhine than in French farmhouses along the front.

It is the secret fear that the Jewish people are stronger or more able than those who still wield superior physical power over them which brings about oppression. I believe that those nations which do not persecute are saved only by confidence in themselves and a feeling that they can still defend themselves and their own place in the world.

Therefore I am forced to the conclusion that the Jewish people, though they may be in part responsible for the present situation, are not as responsible as the other races who need to examine themselves and grapple with their own fears.

I think we—and by we I mean the people of Europe as well as the people of the United States—have pushed the Jewish race into Zionism and Palestine and into their nationalistic attitude. Having that great responsibility upon us, I think it lies with us to free ourselves of our fears, and to feel that through law we can implement our various governments so as to accomplish the ends we desire.

Let us again take our own country as an example. Suppose that the people of a given state decided that one of their cities had become too much ridden by politicians of one racial group; that they represented not a government of the American people but a government by a few people from another country and were therefore a menace to the state. Would we go forth and slay the foreign citizens? By so doing it seems to me that we would arouse the compatriots living in other countries or in other parts of our own country to defend their racial brethren. We would find some other way to bring in new blood; to restrict the number of high places which could be occupied by one racial strain. A little imagination would scatter and change this population without resorting to tyranny. But this could not be done if we sat back and said, "We are afraid of these people. They are wiser than we are. They succeed where we fail. They look upon us and we are powerless. Perhaps we need their brains and appreciation of the cultural things in life, perhaps we need their quick response to the ethical value of a situation and their sense of responsibility in giving and their imaginative powers, but we will have to sacrifice all these things they might contribute to us for the sake of our Aryan heritage."

If tyranny and fear triumph in us, we will bring out in the persecuted foreigner greed and cunning and egotism for self-protection, and we are increasing the emphasis on religious and racial hatreds.

In view of what is confronting us, the Jew is almost powerless today. It depends almost entirely on the course of the Gentiles what the future holds. It can be cooperative, mutual assistance, gradual slow assimilation, with justice and fair-mindedness toward all the racial groups living together in different countries, or it can be injustice, hatred, and death.

It looks to me as though the future of the Jews were tied up, as it has always been, with the future of all the races of the world. If they perish, we perish sooner or later. There Mr. Wells and I agree.

THE END

SHE WANTED TO

A tale of dark eyes, red lips, and a man's fight against love

BY NEWLIN B. WILDES

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I WAS a couple of years older than most of the gang in law school when I came up for that first term; a couple of years older and a good many dollars poorer, and that was all right with me—all of it. It was all right because there was a reason behind it all, and that reason was always associated in my mind with the picture that always came to me—my old man pulling off his shoes.

He was a lawyer too, my old man. That is, he had an LL.D. and a shingle that was lugged downward from place to place throughout the years and finally wound up in an eight-by-eight dust pocket over Herman's Drugstore. He might have been a good lawyer, too—sometimes there was that spark—but he wasn't a good lawyer. He ended up by being maybe the best whittler in town, when his hand was steady enough, and he died when I was seventeen, some ten years after my mother had died.

He left me eleven dollars and forty-three cents, nine Danish-steel jackknives, a set of yellow-paged lawbooks, and one swell bit of advice.

" Copper," he would say, very drunken slow and dignified between grunts at the shoes—" Copper, you're my son, and that is no very great bit of fortune for you. No very great bit. But you are also your mother's son " —he never admitted how badly he had let my mother down, not until just the moment he died, and then he whispered, " I'm sorry, Martha "—" and that means that you can make something of yourself; that it's possible for you to. But you never will, mark my words, you never will unless you hew to the line—unless you pick out a straight course for yourself and stick to it and never let anything else interrupt you, whether it be fishing or horse racing or—or drinking, or just generally having a good time. We've always been good starters, Copper, we Crews, but poor finishers—very poor finishers. None of us could ever say no."

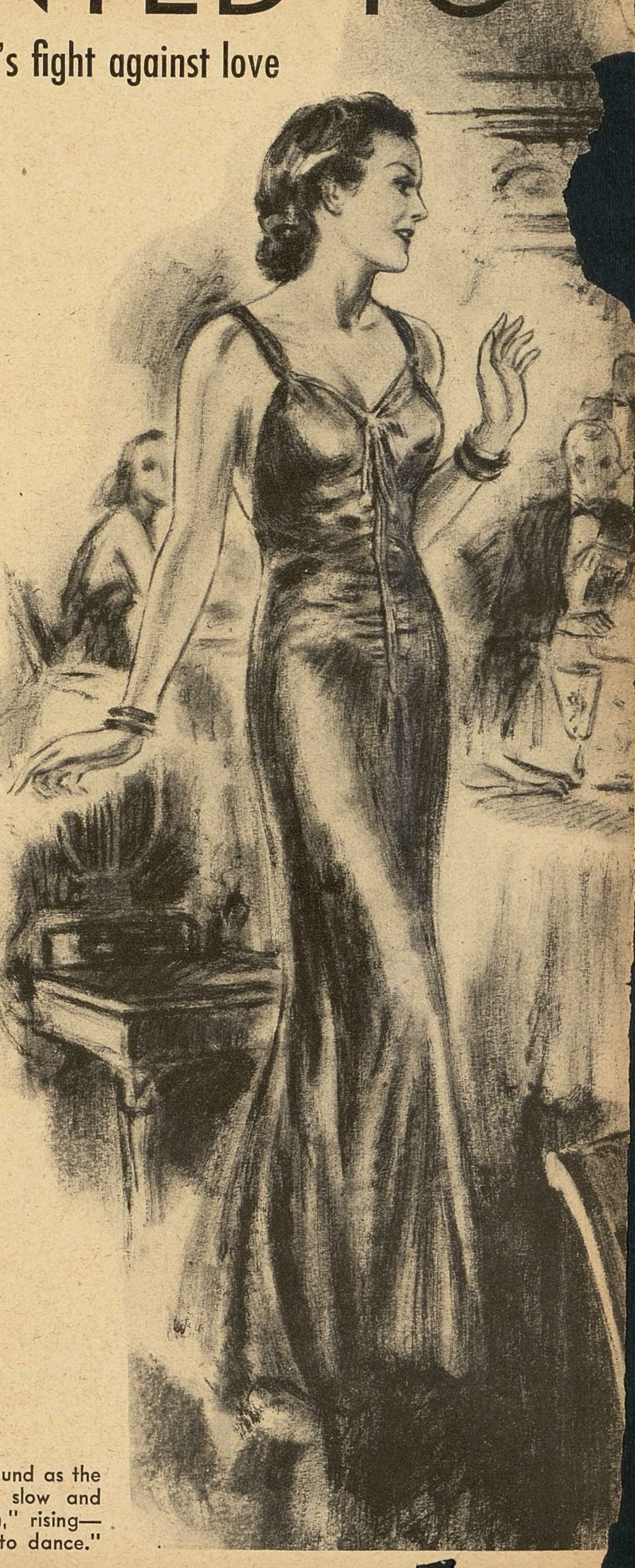
I'd be a little bit afraid of a crying jag at that point, but he'd never let himself slip that far. He'd give another tug at his feet and go on.

" Perhaps *you* can, Copper. You can if you'll pick out what you want to be, and then be it—make yourself be it. And if it should be law—well, perhaps that might show there was a little legal talent in the Crews family after all. Perhaps "—and about that time he would usually give up and collapse back over the bed, and I would get his brogans off and slide him under the blankets.

I was going to be the great white hope of the Crews family, or what was left of it, and bring back the honor of the name and three cheers for the red, white, and blue. That was going to be me, Copper Crews, and probably it sounds kid stuff and funny, but it wasn't funny to me. It was life-and-death serious.

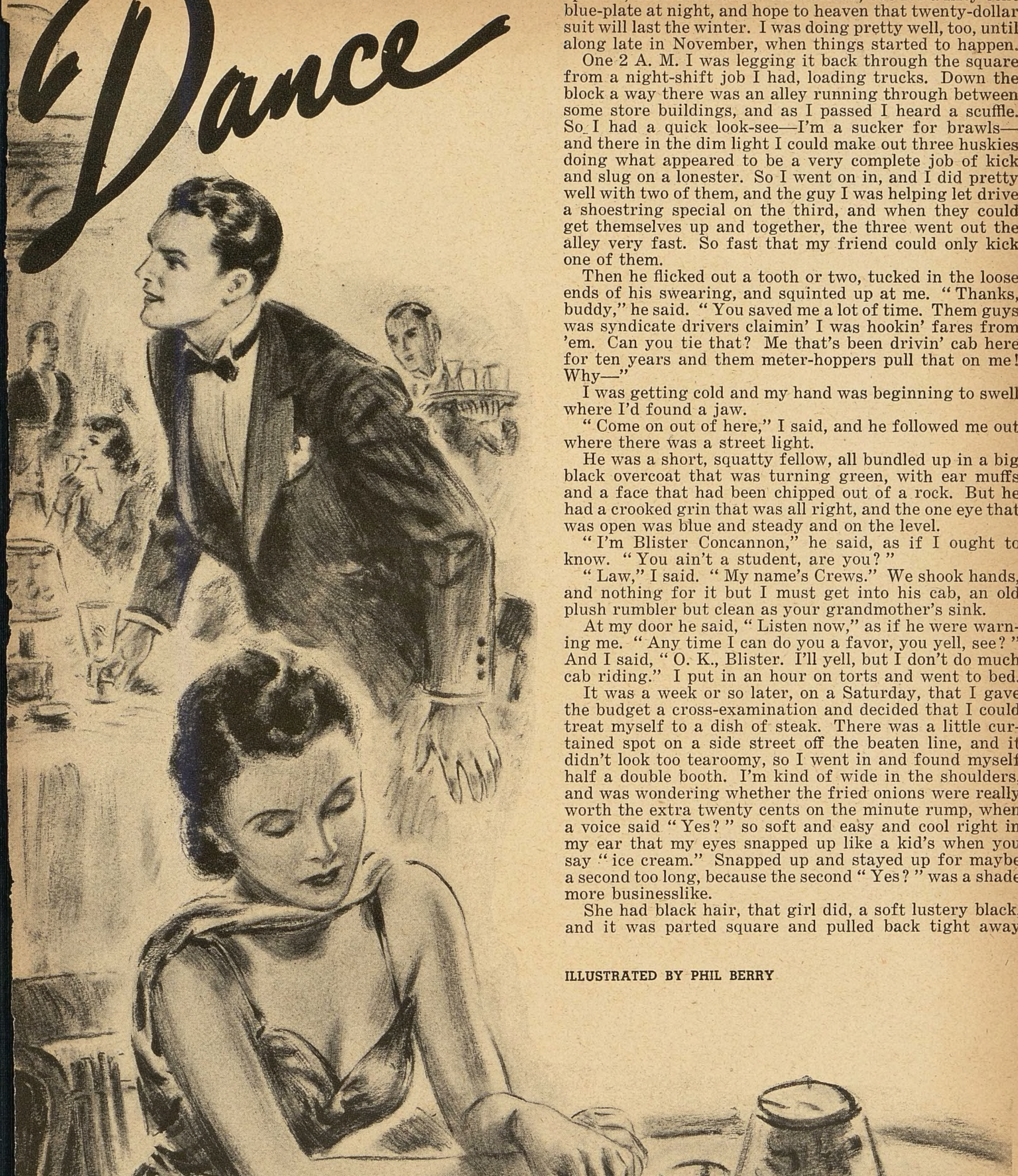
It was so serious that I got myself through a Western U. with two sabbatical years in the wheat fields and the lumber camps to fatten the purse, and another year afterward, and here I was all set for round Number One with the " Yes, your Honor " business. I was going to be an ace-high lawyer and nothing in the world was going to distract or divert me from it. Nothing.

So I had a room that was very handy for studying because all the books were at arm's reach wherever they were stacked, and very handy for breakfast because it had a grill plug. Orange juice and two-threes for eye



She looked around as the music started, slow and steady. "Then," rising—"then I want to dance."

Dance



openers, back for a sandwich at noon, out for a fifty-cent blue-plate at night, and hope to heaven that twenty-dollar suit will last the winter. I was doing pretty well, too, until along late in November, when things started to happen.

One 2 A. M. I was legging it back through the square from a night-shift job I had, loading trucks. Down the block a way there was an alley running through between some store buildings, and as I passed I heard a scuffle. So I had a quick look-see—I'm a sucker for brawls—and there in the dim light I could make out three huskies doing what appeared to be a very complete job of kick and slug on a lonester. So I went on in, and I did pretty well with two of them, and the guy I was helping let drive a shoestring special on the third, and when they could get themselves up and together, the three went out the alley very fast. So fast that my friend could only kick one of them.

Then he flicked out a tooth or two, tucked in the loose ends of his swearing, and squinted up at me. "Thanks, buddy," he said. "You saved me a lot of time. Them guys was syndicate drivers claimin' I was hookin' fares from 'em. Can you tie that? Me that's been drivin' cab here for ten years and them meter-hoppers pull that on me! Why—"

I was getting cold and my hand was beginning to swell where I'd found a jaw.

"Come on out of here," I said, and he followed me out where there was a street light.

He was a short, squatty fellow, all bundled up in a big black overcoat that was turning green, with ear muffs and a face that had been chipped out of a rock. But he had a crooked grin that was all right, and the one eye that was open was blue and steady and on the level.

"I'm Blister Concannon," he said, as if I ought to know. "You ain't a student, are you?"

"Law," I said. "My name's Crews." We shook hands, and nothing for it but I must get into his cab, an old plush rumbler but clean as your grandmother's sink.

At my door he said, "Listen now," as if he were warning me. "Any time I can do you a favor, you yell, see?" And I said, "O. K., Blister. I'll yell, but I don't do much cab riding." I put in an hour on torts and went to bed.

It was a week or so later, on a Saturday, that I gave the budget a cross-examination and decided that I could treat myself to a dish of steak. There was a little curtained spot on a side street off the beaten line, and it didn't look too tearoomy, so I went in and found myself half a double booth. I'm kind of wide in the shoulders, and was wondering whether the fried onions were really worth the extra twenty cents on the minute rump, when a voice said "Yes?" so soft and easy and cool right in my ear that my eyes snapped up like a kid's when you say "ice cream." Snapped up and stayed up for maybe a second too long, because the second "Yes?" was a shade more businesslike.

She had black hair, that girl did, a soft lustery black, and it was parted square and pulled back tight away

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

from a forehead that was very smooth and clear and serene; and there were dark eyes, deep dark eyes, they were almost black too and very steady; and her cheeks were high and flat and very, very white around red lips that seemed so much redder and that half curved in a little smile.

She had a quiet and easy poise, standing there, and I said, " Uh—oh, yes—I'll have a steak," and it was a shame, because it was probably a very fine steak. I wouldn't know. She wasn't a very big girl, but she was all slender curves, and her dull crimson uniform fitted.

There were a dozen or so undergrads scattered about the place, the kind who were being very smart and grown-up and sophisticated, with an eye out always to impress her, and she handled them the way a kindergarten teacher does her class, and I thought, This is something, this girl, watching her, and it seemed funny, somehow, leaving a tip. But I left one. I've taken tips myself, and been glad to get them.

I couldn't see any harm in dropping in for dinner at her spot a couple of times a week. That wasn't expensive. I was careful not to talk too much, and after awhile she really seemed glad to see me. I got what I fancied was a smile that she didn't pass out to the others—there was quite a bunch of regulars—but maybe I imagined that. Her name was Maida. Of course I didn't know her well enough for her last name.

And it was the week between Christmas and New Year's, vacation time, that suddenly, one afternoon about five, I picked up a lawbook in my room and heaved it clear across at the opposite wall, all of five feet it must have traveled, and it didn't matter to me whether it was ruined or not. I was fed up. For over a year—longer than that —I hadn't done a thing except eat and sleep and study and work, and I'd had enough.

All right. Maybe I was going soft; maybe I was going Crews, but I didn't let myself think about it.

I slammed on a hat and coat and in ten minutes I was at the little curtained Coffee House and, for my luck, good or bad, Maida was there and the place was almost deserted. I went over to her, and her eyes were wide and a little surprised, but she smiled at me.

" Listen, Maida," I said. " I have a yen to go in town tonight and do a little plain and fancy dancing and see if a highball still tastes the same. Would you be interested? " And she looked at me for a second and then her smile widened to let out a dimple or two, very small but dimples just the same, and she said, " Why, yes, I think I would be." And I said, " Swell. Where'll I pick you up? " And she told me. It wasn't very far away.

" Eight thirty," I said. " All right? " and she nodded and I turned to go out.

" But aren't you going to have dinner? " she asked, and I said, " Nope. I'm going to get my suit pressed," and it wasn't till I was sitting in my shorts in the tailor shop that I thought, Will ten bucks get me by this brainstorm? And, figuring on the back of an envelope, it would. It would if we used the subway. That's a fine way to start and end an evening, I thought, the subway.

I WAS almost through the square, still hurrying, before I remembered the Blister. He and I had said " Howdy," a couple of times every day since the alley workout, and there he was in the front seat of his brassbound calliope, with all the windows shut tight. I knocked on a pane.

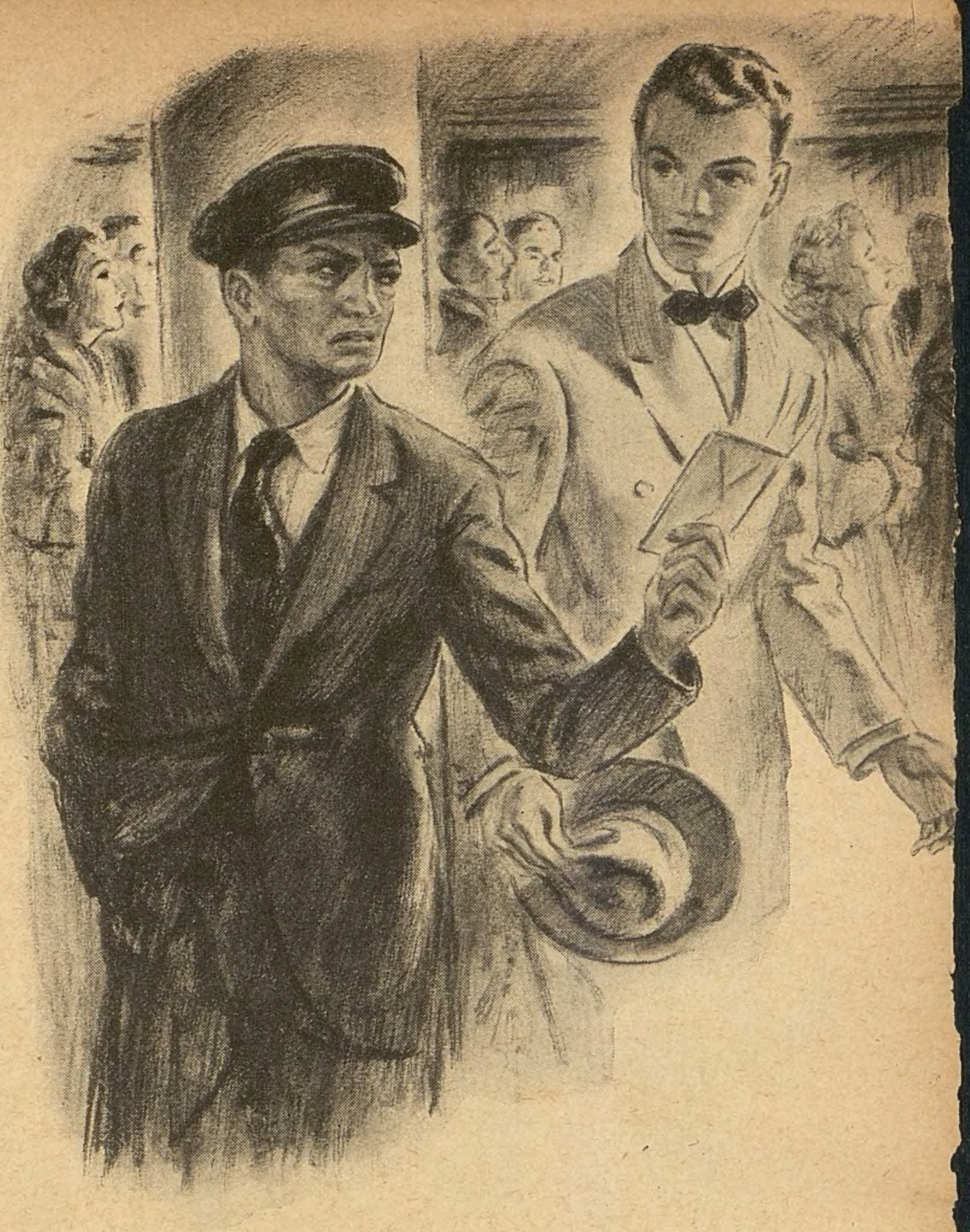
" Come in, kid," he said; " don't let all the heat out. What's on your mind? " It smelled like a disused harness room in there. Maybe it was the lap robe.

" Listen," I said. " What will it cost for you to drive me in town, wait for me, and bring me back about two tonight? Me and a girl."

He peered around at me. " It won't cost you nothing," he said, " and "—as I started to break in—" and no arguments, see? You want me to sit out here all night and freeze? " And that was the first time, as far as I knew, that Blister Concannon had ever seen Maida Tarleton.

That was her last name, Tarleton, and her hair was satiny dark against the white of her evening wrap, and her lips were very red. She was very, very lovely.

We found a place that wasn't too large, with the music low and the lights soft and subdued, and the linen seemed



so much whiter than any I had ever seen before and the silver so much brighter, and everything so warm and comfortable and pleasant, and just the two of us sitting there across the table. It was grand. It was pretty swell.

Her dress was that shade of red that goes with black, and it was tight there and there, and very loose and swirly from the waist when she walked, and her arms and shoulders were ivory and so perfectly molded. Perhaps it was just my having kept away from all this for so long, perhaps that was it, but I don't think so.

" Why do they call you Copper? " she asked, leaning toward me on her elbows, with that smile. And I said, " How did you know that? "

" That boy," she said, " he called you Copper at the Coffee House one night." And I said, " Oh, that's just because of the way I get in the sun—black almost. It doesn't wear off, even in the winter." And she said, " I know," looking at me but not into my eyes.

" Let's talk about you," I said, with a drink in front of me. " Don't think that I'm going to pull a ' You're too good for all this,' but, well, why the waitress act? "

" It isn't an act," she said, " and I'm not too good for it. Nobody's too good for what they're doing. They—"

" Uh-uh," I interrupted, " that's a big statement."

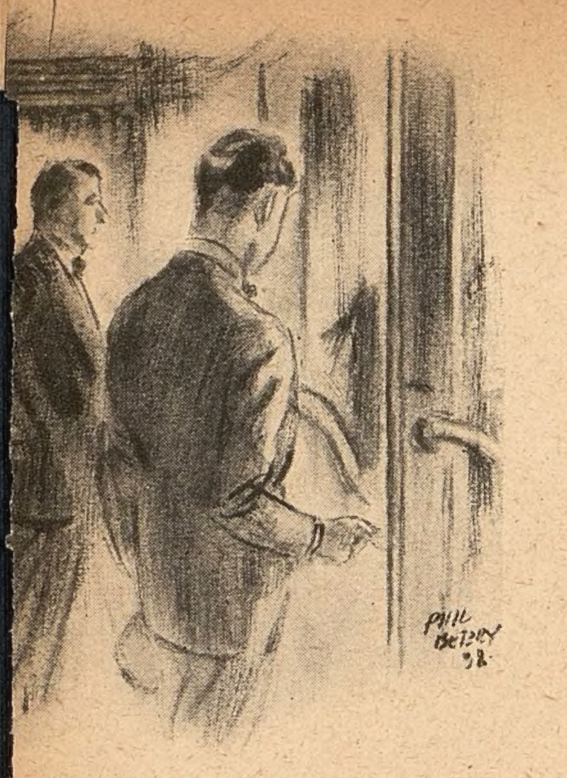
" No," she said, " it isn't. You think it over sometime." I have, and maybe she was right " As a matter of fact," she went on, " I own a third of the Coffee House. One of us cooks and we two others wait on table."

" What do you want to do? " I asked her.

" You just insist on my having noble ambitions, don't you? " half mocking. " Well, I want to run a very fine coffee shop, and then "—she looked around as the music started, slow and steady with a violin carrying it—" and then," rising, " then I want to dance." And I didn't realize, then, just what she meant by it.

I didn't stop to think about it much that evening either, because there were too many other things.

There was dancing with her. That was what I had thought she meant, just dancing with me. And there were long minutes when we sat and talked and learned about each other. We had ourselves to look after, both of us, our own ways to make, and perhaps I was a little



"Here," he said, "I got something for you," and he gave me a note. And I said, "What?" dumbly.

cold and hard and cynical about that.

She watched me while I was talking, and then she said, "You don't want any help in anything, do you?" with a funny little smile at her lips. And I said, "No, I don't." And then we danced together again, and it was two o'clock before it had any right to be, and the Blister's car was outside, and our evening, hers and mine together, was all over.

But not quite all over, because there was that moment when the Blister's cab had rumbled to a stop before her house, and it was suddenly all very quiet and the snow glistening white and feathery under the arc lights, and at the door she turned to me and said, "Good night, Copper," her voice very low, and then I was kissing her lips and they were warm and firm and I couldn't let them go—not for seconds—not until she moved away suddenly.

"Soon again, Copper?" she said, making it a question, and her hand was quick against mine, and then she was through the door and it was blank and dark in front of me, and I turned and walked down and got into the cab, and the Blister's shoulders were hunched and heavy there in the front seat, and the evening was over. This time it was all over.

I guess it wasn't until almost daylight that I got myself out of it—that I made myself come out of it. "You've worked your way for years and you've taken bangs and you've given bangs, and now," scornfully, "and now look at you! Now you go and let an evening with a girl—all right, say that she is a swell girl; say that she's the swellest girl you've ever known—but just the same you let her and a few soft lights and a little sweet music throw you when you're just getting under way. I tell you, you aren't going to spend any time or money playing around with any girl. You've got just enough of both to get you an LL.D. and into a job. So forget all this evening—just pretend that it was a little break in training and now you're back in harness again." And I had a shower and felt good enough to get in two hours' work before my first class. Sure I did. I'd licked that Crews' complex in the first round.

So I kept away from the Coffee House and from Maida Tarleton. For the next two months. And I did pretty well at not even thinking about her. Well, pretty fairly well anyway. And I had a little help too. I got a break.

I had the dean of the law school for one class and I noticed, finally, that he was looking at me with sort of a funny, almost half-worried little expression in his eye. And one day late in March he called me back into his office. He was a grand fellow, the dean. Not only did he understand things, but he did something about them.

"Mr. Crews," he said, sitting there behind his desk, with his gray hair and his straight keen blue eyes—"Mr. Crews, just how much sleep do you get these nights?"

And I said, "Oh, enough," trying to duck it; but that was no use with him, and finally I told him about the freight-loading job and this and that, and he sat with no more expression than a front door.

"Mr. Crews," he said at last, as if he had an idea, "you majored in economics at your university, didn't you?" And I admitted that I had.

"Well," he said, "I happen to know of a senior in the college who is majoring in economics too, much against his will, I must admit, and he is in need of some steady tutoring. Do you think you could handle a job like that? It would pay—er—considerably better than—er—freight loading, and the hours would be somewhat easier."

And I said I thought I could handle it—you bet I could handle it!—and that was the way I happened to meet young Larry Clive.

I went down to his suite on the Gold Coast—that was what they called the swankier private dormitories—and neither he nor his roommates were in, but the door was unlocked, of course, and I had a chance to look around the big living room.

The walls were lined with old theater programs and glossy prints of a lot of actors and actresses, some pretty important ones too, movies and stage, all inscribed "To Larry" with love and regards and best wishes. I thought, What's this guy doing, majoring in ec? He's in line to be an impresario—not a business man. And just then he came in.

He was a nice-looking kid, this lad, probably only two or three years younger than I. Tall enough, well set up, blond, with his hair clipped close, the way they were wearing it, and clothes that were money, plenty of money, but that he wore easily, carelessly. But it was his eyes, dark brown and keen, very keen and quick moving, that caught me most. His eyes and that high-strung nervous tensed alertness that said he had to be into things and doing things every minute. He was going somewhere. You could tell that.

He looked at me with a friendly, half-questioning little smile, and I said, "Are you Larry Clive?" And he nodded. "My name's Crews," I told him, "I—"

"You're not the economics injector?" he broke in.

"Well, I am," I said.

He said, "Stand over there, will you, in this light?" And I said, "Say, what is this, anyway?" But he didn't answer, just squinting at me and nodding his head and saying, "Not bad, not bad at all. Very good really."

"Listen," I began. "What—" And then he grinned.

"Don't get excited," he said. "You see, I've got a working agreement with Manny Silverman of Centurion Films. I'm sort of a talent scout for him—cover a few of the colleges and what not. If I see anything good, we give it a film test. How would you like a film test? You—"

"Who—me?" I gasped, too set back on my heels to think much; "me—"

"Why, yes," he said, all enthusiasm. "You've got a swell build, features straight as a string, and that tanned phiz goes well under blond hair. You'd screen, I'm willing to bet, and there's a demand for the hard-boiled, quick-swinging type. You're that. How about it?"

CUT it," I said. "I'm here to tutor you in ec at so much a toot. I'll do that, but if there is any more guff about my turning matinee idol, I am apt to forget myself and get cross. So skip it, will you? And I mean it."

He saw that I did. "All right," he sighed, "but I thought I'd picked up a cross between Gable and Cooper. You're sure?" with a still hopeful look.

"I'm very sure," I told him. "Let's climb into the ec." And into it we climbed.

After an hour we took a breather.

"How come," I asked, "that you picked this for a major?"

He grinned. A nice grin the kid had. "My old man's idea," he said. "He makes automobiles. I'm supposed to step into it."

"Oh," I said. "So you're the Clive Eight. I thumbed a ride in one once. Nice jobs."

He shrugged. "I guess so," he admitted, "but the theater's what I want to get into. Why—" And for half an hour he was off, telling me about all the people he knew, producers and stars and all the rest. He wasn't bragging—he was just telling me what he was really keen about.

"And so," I said finally, "you're a collegiate talent scout for Centurion. Isn't that a bit unusual?"

He agreed that it was. "It took me a little while to sell Manny the idea, but I did finally. Of course," he admitted, "I don't get paid unless I deliver."

"I see," I nodded gravely. "Got any one yet? Aside," with a grin, "from me?"

He nodded very seriously. "I have," he said with a very wise look. "Some day I'll show her to you. You—"

"Swell," I shelved that, getting up. "But now I've got a little work of my own to do. See you tomorrow, and give this Taussig a whirl in the meantime, will you?"

He moved over to his desk. "I'll give you a check," he said. "Let's see—four lessons a week for three months would be—" and he named twice what I'd hoped for.

"You don't pay for it now," I said. "Wait till it's delivered. You—"

"Oh, no," he grinned. "I'll pay for it all now because—well, because there just may be a few lessons that I—well, that I won't be around for. And I wouldn't want you to lose out."

He wouldn't have it any other way.

One evening, toward the end of April, when we stopped working, about seven thirty, Larry said, "I'm hungry—what do you say we eat?"

"O. K.," I said, "if you'll make it cheap."

We walked up through the square together and Blister Concannon was there beside his old stem-winding twin two. I hadn't seen the Blister to more than wave at, not since the evening I'd been trying so hard to wipe away, and it all came back to me then as we walked along—came back as it had fifty times or more.

I just tipped a hand at the Blister and he said, "Hello," with a sort of funny look at me, and then he said, "And good evening, Mr. Clive," so much like an elevator starter at Christmas that even I noticed it.

THAT'S funny, I thought; the Blister doesn't usually care for undergrads. And after we'd gone a way, I said, "You know the Blister, eh?" And Larry grinned.

"Sure," he said. "He's been driving for me ever since freshman year. I'm almost the only fellow who'll ride in his old hack. But I like him. If he's your friend, he's your friend. Some day I'll tell you about a time or two I had with him." And I thought, I'll never tell you about one time I had with him.

"Where," I said, "are we going to eat?" And Larry Clive grinned at me.

"Come on," he said. "We're going to a little spot I found six weeks ago—a place called the Coffee House—and"—he was all keen and eager, like a kid leading the way to a surprise—"and I'm going to show you the girl who's going to be bright lights wherever they have dancing shows—a girl that, you mark my words, will be tap tops, just like Ginger Rogers. And I discovered her. I—"

But I didn't hear him raving on, because it was all coming at me so fast, slap-bang, and then I remembered, all at once and so very clearly, what she had said, that she "wanted to dance." I'd thought that she wanted to dance with me, there in that little night club, and that wasn't what she had meant at all. That's how stupid I'd been.

And I couldn't move, standing there, because I was sure, surer than I had ever been of anything, that she was the girl he meant.

"Come on," Larry said. "What's the matter with you?" And that snapped me out of it, and I thought, All right, what is? You've gone through all this thing and you've made up your mind to be smart about it—so why bog down now? What difference does it make to you if this girl has a chance to be somebody? You ought to be glad. Go on ahead in and see her and don't act like a freshman.

So I said, "Nothing. Let's go," and we went.

Maida was at the far end of the little room and we walked toward her, Larry and I, and then she looked up and saw us and the smile went away from her face and it was blank and expressionless.

We sat down in a booth and Larry whispered to me, "That's the girl." I just nodded. And then she came over to us, and Larry said, "Hello, Maida. This is Mr. Crews, Miss Tarleton." And Maida said, "Yes, Mr. Crews has been here before," very calmly, and I just mumbled like a fool. I didn't do very well. Larry Clive looked at me.

"So," he said wisely, "holding out on me, eh? You knew all the way over here, I suppose. Pretty coony, you graduate students." Then he turned back to Maida.

"I've got some news for you," he said, all enthusiasm again. He lowered his voice and glanced around cautiously. "Centurion's backing a new summer musical," he went on. "They're going to rehearse and try out up here. And I think I've got you in. Just the chorus to start, but there's a chance for a solo bit—dance and song, you know—and it would be right down your alley. Minetti's putting it on and he'll be here this week-end. Say we have dinner and then go in. All right?"

For a second she hesitated, Maida did, with a strange little look on her face, as if it frightened her, overwhelmed her, and then she smiled a shaky little smile and nodded. "It—it sounds grand, Larry. And—and thank you again." And Larry Clive said, "The Blister and I will be around as usual." And then we ordered.

When she'd moved away, Larry leaned toward me, whispering, "Well, was I right, or was I right?" And I said, "I guess you were—I wouldn't know about those things," trying to keep my eyes from following her over there across the room. And Larry said, "Well, I know about them. She's really a perfectly swell girl—a grand girl," and there was something in his voice that went, I could tell it, just a little beyond his professional enthusiasm, and I watched him for a second and he was a nice kid.

Maida took just as good care of us as she did of the other customers. Just as good and no better, and I got back to my rooms about nine o'clock and worked till two and didn't accomplish a thing.

"She's in," Larry told me after two weeks. "Minetti and the rest like her. She's in the front row, so far anyway, and she's got a dance bit and a song, just the way I thought she would. She—"

And I said, "That's swell," and he looked at me.

"You used to know Maida pretty well, didn't you?" he asked curiously, and I shrugged.

"Oh, no," I said, making it as casual as I could. "I used to eat in there, and—well, that was about all. Why?" I couldn't resist that "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," he said; "just that I've talked to Maida some about you, and—well," he grinned, "she opens up about as much as you do. Look," he went on. "How about coming in to a rehearsal and seeing just how good she is? Tonight, say."

"No," I said, "I can't do that. I've got too much work."

"All right," he said, "but you're coming to the opening night. I'll get you a ticket."

And I said, "I don't know. I'll see," and tried to lead the way back into ec again.

IT opened late in May, that show did, on a warm and feathery-soft evening, with the undergrads rolling up in open cars and dinner jackets and Panama hats with club bands, and everybody milling about the lobby lazy and easy and laughing, and Larry Clive buzzing around, all excitement and business, and into everything.

Oh, I was there. Sure I was. I couldn't stay away. Larry Clive had given me a seat down in the fifth row center.

I don't know much about that show—Make Mine the Same, they called it. It was just one of those summer revues, I guess, with music and dancing and a comedian and pretty girls, lots of pretty girls. But they were just shadows, all of them, moving on and off after that first scene, because Maida was there in the front row, so very trim and straight and dainty, and dancing as if she loved it and all the world were fun. That was all I saw, just Maida there before me. That was all I wanted to see.

There were seconds when I thought our eyes were meeting, and then her glance would slide away with her smile just the same, just as bright, and it was along in the second act, well into it, that it happened—that I knew.

Because she had her bit there, with the stage dimmed and the spot very bright, following her as she danced and bringing out the sheen in her hair and the soft whiteness of her skin and the vivid red of her lips—bringing out the sheer beauty of her dancing.

And then she sang, and that was it. That was what told me. Not much of a song, perhaps. The same old words dressed up again, but her voice had a low and husky rippling undertone that stilled the crowd and that held them with little smiles on their faces, half-parted little smiles, and then she turned and was singing straight up to one of the boxes, and the spotlight turned and shot across and up to that box, and there was Larry Clive sitting there so very blond and handsome and pleased, smiling back at her, smiling with her.

And it was very pretty, really, her singing to him up there that way. So pretty that the audience hummed and whispered in a rustling murmur of pleasure, and then it was all over, her song, and she gave one last and very bright little smile up to Larry, and he stood up and bowed to her as if this were something very special just between the two of them, and then the audience roared and clapped and she was bowing out through the wings and the show went on.

And I sat there smiling too, to myself, because this was right, she and Larry. It was right for her and right for him; they would help each other, they would do the things together that they wanted to, both of them.

I was one of the last out of the theater, walking slowly, automatically, still seeing her there, dancing before me, and, as the crowd wound through the lobby, laughing and chattering, some one standing near the door touched my arm, and I looked down and it was the Blister, Blister Concannon, standing there, his face expressionless, stolid.

NEWLIN B. WILDES *studied fiction writing at Harvard, but did nothing about it for ten years after graduation. Then, in 1934, he began writing short stories in the time he could spare from his business, which is advertising.*

“Here,” he said, “I got something for you,” and he gave me a note, folded. And I said, “What?” dumbly. “For me?” And he said, “Yeah,” uninterestedly, “that's what it says, for you.”

I opened it, standing in a lee of the crowd. “Copper,” it said, the letters straight and stilted, “please come around to the stage door in the Blister's cab,” and signed “Maida.”

And I stood there, not believing it for a second, and then the Blister said, “Well, what about it? Any answer?” And I said, “Why—why, yes—where's your cab?”

It was just around the corner there to the stage door in a darkened alley, and when we had stopped, the Blister got out and vanished, and I sat there peering at the lighted door with its wired bulb until, finally, Maida was there in the bright light, hesitating, her eyes looking out at the cars. And then she saw the Blister's cab and was coming over and I opened the door.

“Maida,” I said, and she stopped, seeming about to turn and go away, her face unsmiling, blank. And I said, “Maida, get in, won't you?” And then she said, “What for?” her voice level and low.

I held the note out to her. “You sent me this, didn't you?” I said, and she took it, reaching out a slim arm.

“No,” she said finally, reading it, “I didn't.”

“But—but who, then—” I stammered. And she said, “I don't know. I—I came out here because the Blister's cab was here to take me home, and—and I wanted to go home,” turning away again.

And then the Blister was beside her. “I gotta get this cab outa here,” he said. “I'm blockin' traffic.” He held the door open.

“Please, Maida,” I said, pleading, and slowly, hesitantly, as if she didn't know which way to turn, she got in, sitting there in a far corner, away from me, as the old cab groaned creaking up the avenue.

And then, suddenly, I was talking to her, telling her, because I couldn't help it, because I had to, telling her everything—why I had stayed away and how much I had wanted to be with her, how very much, with nothing else mattering then, with no thought of anything, of all the complications, hers and mine, only that I must, somehow, tell her.

“It was only that I had this job to do, Maida. This job that I have to see through, that I have to make a success of. Do you understand?”

And she nodded her head once, twice, quickly, not looking at me. “I know,” she said quietly. “I know all about that.” And I said, “How?” surprised and startled. “How did you know all that?” because I had never told her—not even on that evening of ours together.

She hesitated, her eyes still on her hands there in her lap. “Larry told me,” she said very simply. “He tried to explain everything that way.”

“Larry!” I said. “But—but why should he try to explain for me? He's in love with you himself. He—” But her eyes flashed up to mine.

“Larry in love with me?” as if she couldn't believe what she had heard. “Larry?” And then her head went back and her laugh was low and throatily incredulous. “Larry isn't in love with me, Copper,” she said. “He's in love with the theater—with being all mixed up in what's going on there, and trying to make a name for himself and discovering new stars and all. Sometimes he's silly about it, almost, but it's his life, and some day he'll be famous probably.”

I watched her there beside me. “And so will you,” I said slowly; “you'll be famous, and long before he is.” But she didn't smile.

“I—I don't know,” she said, glancing away, and there was something in her tone, in just the slow lingering of her glance to mine, that made me say suddenly and without realizing the words, “Maida, will you marry me? Will you wait for me and—and marry me when I can—when I've finished this job? Will you?”

And she moved quickly, involuntarily, and I was very close beside her, and then she looked up at me. “No, Copper,” she said, “I won't do that—I couldn't.” And I drew back.

Of course she wouldn't marry me now—not with all there was, with everything just opening before her, with success and a career around the corner. Why should she? “No,” I said slowly, “I suppose I can't ask you to give up all that you'll have now. That wouldn't be fair. You—”

She moved a hand in a quick impulsive little gesture. “But I don't care about that part of it,” she said. “I don't care about dancing in shows and in the movies perhaps, and all that it may lead to. I—I only did it just to—to show that—that I could do it. To make—” and she stopped there, not saying who it was she had to show, but her eyes went to mine and then away, and I understood. I wasn't that dumb.

And very softly, “Then,” I said, “then won't you wait for me, Maida? Won't—” But she shook her head, wide-eyed and very serious.

“No,” she said—“no, I won't wait, Copper. I won't do that. But—but if you want me, really, I—I'll marry you now, Copper. Tomorrow.”

And I wanted to let that be enough. Heaven knows that I wanted to, forgetting everything, but I couldn't. I wouldn't.

“No,” I said. “No, Maida, I've got to finish this job that I've started. I can't stop now—we'd be sorry all our lives, both of us, if I did. I—”

And she looked at me, and then she said, “But, Copper”—trying to make me understand—“but, Copper, I—I have the Coffee House. I could keep on with that for a year or two. That—”

But I shook my head. “No,” I said stubbornly. “When I'm married I'll do the supporting. I won't—” And her hand went out to mine.

“I know you will, Copper,” she said, “I know you will—for years and years and years, I hope. I'll want you to. Forever. That will be your part. And so”—asking, begging me to see—“and so, for just a year or two, couldn't I help—couldn't I do just this so—so that we could be together, Copper, and so that I could have a part too, really, of this job of yours—of what you're going to be? Can't you let me have that part, Copper?”

And, looking down at her there beside me, I understood suddenly what she meant. I saw. Finally I did. And I wanted it too—her way. Together.

And it was much later, with the old cab rumbling along the country roads, that I whispered to her there in my arms, “You did send that note, didn't you, Maida?”

“No, honestly,” she said, “I didn't.”

And I said, “Did Larry then?” And her eyes were smiling still but very serious. “No,” she said. “I wouldn't let him let you know. I made him promise that.”

“But who—” I frowned, and glancing up, I caught the Blister's eye in his little mirror, grinning back at us. I slid the glass aside.

“You sent that note, didn't you, you old fraud?” I said, and his grin slit even wider.

“Who—me?” he said. “Now, what would I be doin' writin' notes?” And that was all that he would ever say. Even when, in later years, we came back and put our own car aside and rode with him. He'd never say a word.

THE END

RICH MAN

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN a man known by insiders to be a bankrupt and a thief can borrow $27,000,000 in four months from the biggest and smartest bankers in Wall Street, it's news.

So, the morning after the appearance of Bill Douglas' SEC report which made this amazing statement and many others about former New York Stock Exchange President Richard Whitney, I slipped up the river to see how Convict 94835 was getting along.

Almost no details of this rich man's stay at the Hudson River resort have been published in the newspapers, because Warden Lawes has steadfastly refused to satisfy public curiosity as to his famous prisoner's habits and activities, and has done his best to impress this policy of secrecy on his staff.

But the editor of Liberty wanted the facts, and here they are:

When he checked in last spring, Richard Whitney was assigned, as most incoming tenants are, to a narrow, dark, evil-smelling cubbyhole in what is known, not affectionately, as the Old Cell Block. His was no better or no worse than the other cells in this antiquated part of the prison: its floor and walls were definitely damp; its only toilet facilities, a bucket. More recently, in accordance with the warden's policy of rewarding good behavior, he has been moved to the New Cell Block, where the prisoners' rooms, though small, are dry and clean and boast modern individual toilets.

Convict Whitney made no comment on his first estate; he now makes no comment on his improved one.

Generally there is every evidence of the man's determination to serve his five-to-ten-year term as peaceably as possible, to win his parole as early as he can by the best possible behavior.

MOST frequent and apparently most welcome of the famous prisoner's visitors is Gertrude Sheldon Whitney, his wife.

Richard Whitney's family life was a matter of some discussion in New York and Far Hills long before his financial crash. Stories of "other" women flew about among the perfumed elegancies of the Colony and Twenty-one. So, when the news broke that Mrs. Whitney and her family had been among the chief victims of Dick Whitney's peculations, the public expected that he would have to undergo his ordeal of disgrace alone.

However, his wife and two daughters stood nobly by him when the crash came, and on the first day that the new prisoner was permitted to see inhabitants of the outside world Mrs. Whitney was waiting at the Sing Sing gates.

Others have wished to forget him. The very men who knew him well enough to lend him $27,000,000 in the four months before he fell know him not today. Richard Whitney, standing in the temple of the moneylenders, pulling with one hand at the Harvard Porcellian Club piglet, "Winnie," which hung from his watch chain, waving in the other hand the borrowed prestige of the House of Morgan, and demanding cash and cash and more cash, was one man. Convict 94835 is another.

J. P. Morgan, called before the SEC investigators, was asked: "Do you know Richard Whitney?" "I *knew* him," answered the financier in a voice that bristled with italics. And Whitney's Wall Street pals seem to have taken their cue from Wall Street's king.

Friends of an earlier and a gayer day, when young Dick pulled a mighty oar and swung a mighty bat, have not forgotten so soon or so completely. Many of these, however, are deterred from sending in their names on visiting day for fear their old schoolmate, in his embarrassment, would not wish to see them.

Incidentally, Dick still swings a mighty bat. Playing first base for the prison jayvees against the varsity in

Handcuffed, a blue-blooded prisoner reaches Ossining.

In Sing Sing BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

his first game in thirty years, this fifty-year-old softy poled two hits in three times up, and played a bang-up game in the field and on the paths.

Dick is thinner now than he was that fateful day in 1929 when he strode out on the floor of the Stock Exchange shouting, " I bid 205 for 10,000 shares of U. S. Steel," and by this reckless bidding checked for a time the onrushing forces of panic and distress. He is paler, too, than he was in the days when he raised Ayrshire cattle on his 500-acre Far Hills estate. But, aside from these superficial modifications, he looks much the same old Whitney—his six-feet-two figure proudly erect, his obstinate chin arrogantly high and defiantly forward, his whole manner that of the giant battler for privilege and wealth who only a few short years ago loomed so menacingly and sneered so superciliously over the heads or into the faces of inquiring senators, and fairly shook his fist in the face of government itself.

If the supercilious sneer comes less often to mar the rather handsome Whitney features, it is because Convict 94835 regards less contemptuously the thieves and gangsters and murderers with whom he is now surrounded than he did the august authorities who sought to regulate his activities, or, as it turned out, the clients and friends and relatives who trusted him with their money.

In the life of the great prison Convict 94835 is a being apart.

Behind walls with Richard Whitney—The inside story of a remarkable atonement

There has been much preening of legal feathers and pointing with civic pride to the fact that Richard Whitney, the great financier, has been sent to Sing Sing just like a " common man." Nothing could be further from the truth.

When Groton Dick was arraigned at the Elizabeth Street station house, an open-mouthed police sergeant brushed aside a bevy of ordinary Bowery pickpockets and thieves, while Lieutenant Simon Breen leaned across the desk in fatherly compassion.

" *Mister* Whitney," the lieutenant is quoted as saying, " I'm sorry to see you in this trouble and wish you luck."

However, no such sentimental wishfulness was detected in the higher law-enforcement officers of New York County. District Attorney Dewey, whose prompt action in the clutch forced the Whitney situation into the realistic atmosphere of police stations and courts of law, demanded a " substantial and punitive sentence." And, within the limits that the law imposed, that is what Richard Whitney got.

But, in spite of the conviction and sentence, the " Mister " factor prevailed.

The first week of Convict 94835's incarceration, a prison guard stood up in the Old Cell Block and issued the epochal command: " All men who came in Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Monday, or Tuesday, and Mister Whitney, please step out of their cells."

An even more significant indication that Groton Dick, in spite of his crime, has not wholly lost that so-called social position into which he was born is the attitude of the Sing Sing boys themselves, the pickpockets, the gunmen, the burglars, the rapists, the firebugs, the murderers. They too call him " Mister " Whitney.

No one in Sing Sing, so far as the oldest guards can remember, has ever before been called " *Mister.*" Most delicate greeting, reserved for prime favorites of the bull pen, is " Stinker " or, more epigrammatically, " Skunk."

Perhaps it is natural that the Sing Sing inmates—and Sing Sing officials too—accustomed to associating with lesser thieves, should feel something akin to reverence for a man who could crack so big a safe.

Perhaps. But the snob theory is much more tenable. If Richard Whitney had succeeded in staving off indefinitely the exposure of his sins, Wall Street might, or might not, have stayed safe for plutocracy; but Sing Sing, that once Misterless retreat, would almost surely have stayed safe for democracy.

As it is, rumors reached outmost Ossining of Larcener Whitney's having ridden to hounds. And although Sing Singers may not know just what that means, they are wise enough to know that it does not necessarily mean going to the dogs. They are allergic to the social scent, and they know that their new Master of the Foxhounds fairly reeks with it.

Few graduates of Harvard are to be found in the ranks of criminals who are caught—probably no other graduates of Groton. The spectacle of a Grottie sitting down to prison chow is therefore an arresting and stimulating sight. It rouses in the lowliest of men the old Junior League urge which, psychologists say, is latent in us all.

Raising hell in Hell's Kitchen has its moments, but it is like carrying coals to Newcastle. Raising hell on the Starlit Roof is class.

In short, " Mister Whitney " is to Ossining what " Mrs. Astor " once was to New York. Such personages are seldom called by their first names, and never, under any circumstances, "Stinker" or "Skunk."

Potent also is the feeling that the real blame for the Whitney disaster lies not so much with Whitney as with those of the Exchange officials and Exchange members who knew the facts about him but, with a seeming disregard for the public interest, held their peace.

An inevitable corollary of this theory is the feeling that the only difference between Whitney and many other Stock Exchange members is that Whitney was caught.

And this feeling, too, has a basis in fact.

You may recall that another former president of the New York Stock Exchange, testifying at the SEC hearings, was quoted as stating that he knew that Whitney had used cash belonging to the employees' Gratuity Fund but " had not thought this significant enough to report to the Exchange, because using customers' cash was general practice among brokerage houses."

The witness evidently knew what he was talking about. Of sixty firms investigated, only seven made any pretense of not using their customers' money as their own.

But, of course, any attempt to excuse Richard Whitney's use of his customers' funds on the ground that " everybody's doing it " is basically rot. For Richard Whitney, by reason of the trust that people placed in him, has always been a being apart.

His father-in-law, the late George R. Sheldon, made him trustee of the ample funds bequeathed to Mrs. Whitney and her sister: these he stole. The New York Yacht Club elected him its treasurer and entrusted him with its funds: these he stole. The Stock Exchange Gratuity Fund, an employees' benefit plan, elected him a trustee and left its cash and securities in his custody: these he stole. Clients of his firm left huge idle balances with him for safekeeping: these he stole.

The most that can be said for Whitney is that he has coming to him, along with his prison sentence, a sort of backhanded vote of thanks because his misdeeds, *being his*, served to lay bare the misdeeds of others, and to precipitate reforms which make less likely the continuance of such deplorable laxity in Wall Street's handling of your money and mine.

For this, " Mister " Whitney, and for nothing else, much thanks!

THE END

PEACE-

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BY subjecting Czechoslovakia to partition and enslavement by Germany, have the Western democratic Powers obtained peace? Did they ensure an unthreatened life for their peoples for years to come? Did they make a further clash with Germany unlikely?

The answer to all these questions, in my opinion, is an emphatic no. The Western Powers have not obtained peace; they have, at infinite tragic cost, obtained a breathing spell. They have only ensured that when the struggle, the ghastly and inevitable struggle, does come, Germany will be so strong that her chances of victory are very much greater than before.

It is perfectly possible that France and England might have saved Czechoslovakia even at the end of September by a resolute declaration. Persons who have known Adolf Hitler for years have told me that the last thing on earth he wants is a war with England; that he has repeatedly stated, in private, that he would never fight England; and that his most warlike declarations are made upon the calculation that he may have to fight the whole world for them, but not England.

England, however, chose to believe that he meant to bring on a world war rather than give up his aims in Czechoslovakia; and the English way of facing this crisis was to give him Czechoslovakia to do with as he pleased. France in the whole business seems to have been nothing but the tail to England's kite, and now the French Republic no longer counts among the Great Powers.

The primary victim of this sacrifice, Czechoslovakia, was neither considered nor consulted during the infamous operations of September 20-October 1. And yet, when whole chunks of the country were handed over to Germany, the French and British seem to have expected the Czechs to accept without a word, to be grateful for a Franco-British " guaranty " for the new " frontiers," and to continue as the loyal protégés of the Powers which had thus betrayed their own creation. Of course this was impossible; the Czechs and Slovaks know that they cannot live any longer except on Germany's terms, and they quickly accepted them. It is only a question of time (perhaps of days) before a government rules in Prague which obeys Berlin in all things great and small.

This, then, is the result of Chamberlain's surrender to Hitler: a Central Europe which is wide open to German advance all the way to Constantinople and beyond; a France which can no longer count upon one friend or ally in Europe; a Germany which is enriched by new resources and will soon be able to tap the vast resources of Rumania; a contempt for democracy which fills the whole distracted Continent. Europe lies prostrate at Hitler's feet, and has no hope except in his mercy.

We know what Hitler's mercy is. Everybody knows it by now. One blast of his fury sends whole populations fleeing by night across mountain and valley, taking with them only what they can carry. Those who have money will spend it all to escape from an area threatened by Nazi domination. Those who have none flee for their lives. There is no peace for those whom Hitler scourges—and among them are millions of non-Jewish Germans.

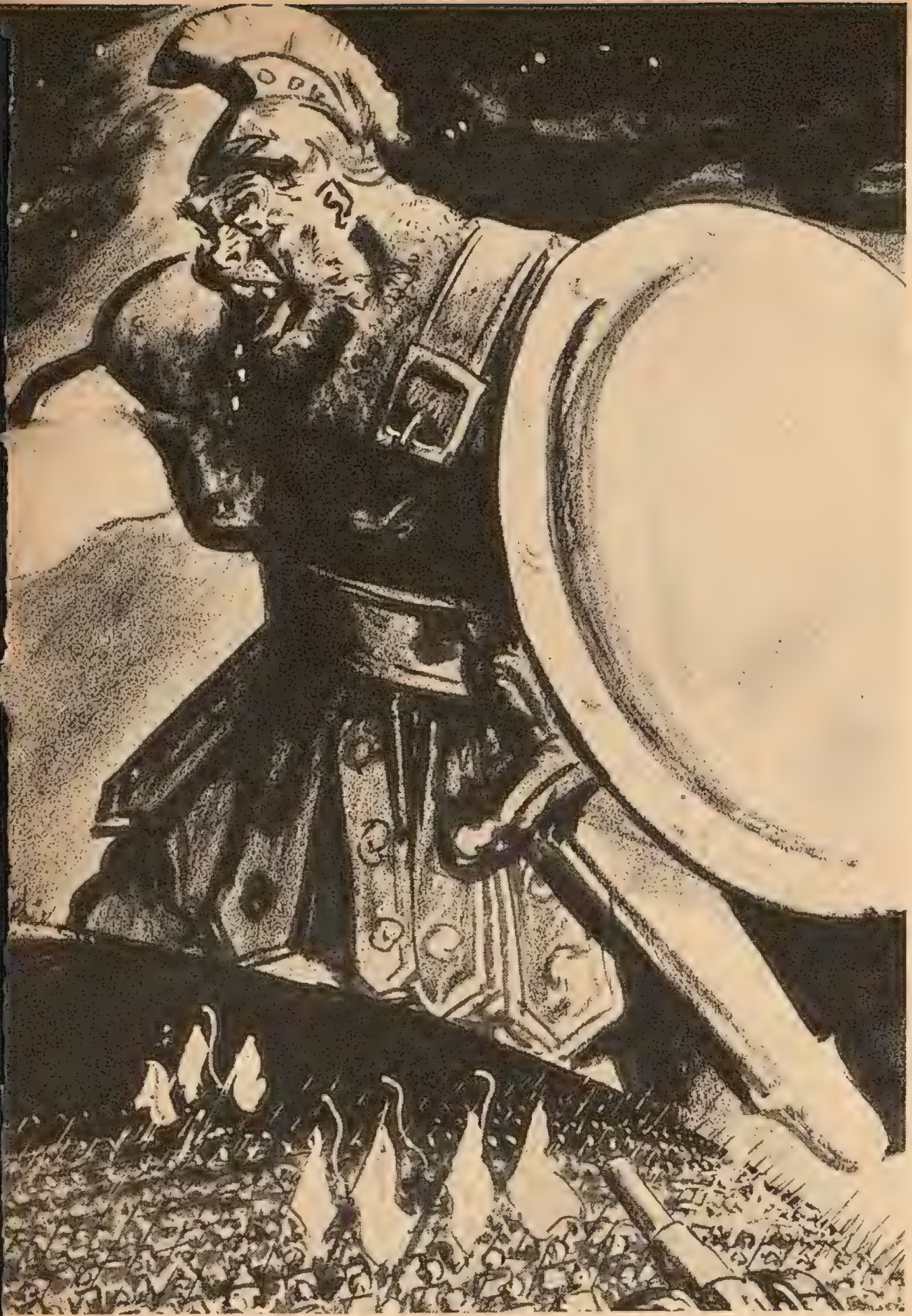
The forces on Hitler's side have been immensely strengthened. There were millions of non-Nazi Germans who regarded the Hitler system as, at best, a temporary phenomenon due to war grievances. Among these people, even among the liberals and intellectuals, Hitler has vastly gained by his victory. This sudden intensification of his prestige has shed some of its glory on the whole German race, and all Germans are proud, not of the means by which he achieved this end, but of the end itself. A German Chancellor who can thus dictate to the world is something altogether new. Neither Frederick the Great nor Bismarck ever enjoyed a tenth of Hitler's present power. Napoleon himself was less powerful.

An eminent author who knows his Europe well gives you a vivid and frightening look into the future

Such results were, perhaps, not foreseen by Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier. It is possible that they thought they were settling a merely local question. They may have considered that the sacrifice of certain German or partly German areas of Czechoslovakia to Nazi rule would satisfy Hitler and ensure a friendly relationship between Germany and the West in future. They *may* have thought so, but it is not likely. What is more likely is that general war seemed to them such a calamity that anything was preferable; and they were no doubt also actuated by a fear of going into any war as allies of Soviet Russia. Mr. Chamberlain's fear of Russia is known to be almost equal to his fear of Germany.

They gave in, not because they thought they could preserve peace for long, but because they wanted to preserve it for a little while, on the Micawber principle that something might turn up. Their theory was that war postponed is something that can be described as peace.

Well, it is not so. They were in a position to fight on September 23, and it is practically impossible that they can ever be in such a position again. They had the unquestioning allegiance of Czechoslovakia, the firm alliance of Soviet Russia, the friendship or open alliance of the other countries—Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania—which



-or BREATHING SPELL?

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

now are thrown into Germany's arms. They had the sympathy of the whole non-Fascist world, including elements inside Germany and Italy themselves. They might have fought under conditions which practically guaranteed victory. They chose to surrender all these advantages at Hitler's bidding, and now, when the hour to fight does come, it will be on Hitler's terms, not theirs; and with all the advantages on Hitler's side.

Technical considerations, of course, weighed a good deal during these weeks. It is known that the German effective air force is about three times as strong as the English and four or five times as strong as the French. The German army is also an instrument without an equal in the world. But what assurance have the English or French that this will not always be so? If the German air force today is three times as strong as the English, it may be six times as strong in two years' time. The chances are, with the enormous resources of southeastern Europe opened up, that Germany will be far stronger when the day comes than England and France together. In that case, judging by past performance, it seems extremely likely that England will abandon France as she abandoned Czechoslovakia, and leave the whole Continent to Hitler. France, having sacrificed all her friends and all her resources to England, will find in the end no more mercy than Czechoslovakia found. Between the English Channel and the Russian frontier there is the area of a dominant power greater than any Europe has known since the fall of Rome.

Will anybody ever fight Germany in our time? This question is asked in newspapers in Prague, Budapest, Warsaw, and Bucharest. Is Germany not already, and will she not increasingly become, too powerful for any European Power or combination of Powers to challenge? If the answer to this were affirmative, it would mean that Germany had already won the whole battle, and that every German dream, straight through to Bagdad, straight through to India, could now be realized, step by step. There is such a possibility. Nobody in central or southeastern Europe will ever attempt to combat Germany again or to delay her advance. There remain, however, Soviet Russia and the British Empire. If they agreed upon policy, they could still at any time bring about a cessation or limitation of the Hitler program. But they will not agree so long as the Chamberlains and their like govern in England. Hitler's only possible policy must consist in keeping them apart. To achieve this, he no doubt counts upon the good offices of Japan and Italy, especially Japan.

But, clear as this course is, it must sooner or later run into difficulties. The imperial feeling is still very strong in England. As the German power draws nearer Constantinople it is bound to revive again. It will coincide with a political necessity on the part of Soviet Russia, which does not dare allow Constantinople to fall into the hands of a Nazi power. At this point—which, at the rate Hitler goes, may be within six or eight months—another crisis will no doubt arise, and it is difficult to imagine any outcome except general war. There is no barrier at this moment between Hitler and Constantinople. But he will require time to consolidate the German control of the regions that lie in his path, and to do it—as he must, according to his view—without annexing any considerable amount of territory inhabited by non-Germans. Consequently we must expect him to move toward Constantinople without war or annexation, until England and Russia, anxiously watching, can stand it no longer.

This seems to me the most probable course. Whenever Hitler cracks the whip again the Polish Corridor will be his. Denmark will not detain him either. Where his *Weltpolitik* assumes real grandeur and danger is in its approach to Constantinople, its push down the Danube. In this direction, and only in this direction, can he obtain the resources he needs for his greater Germany. The imperial future of his fabulous Aryan race lies in this direction, too: toward Bagdad and beyond. And by this time it ought to be realized by everybody on earth that Adolf Hitler is out to realize not one but *all* German dreams, in his own time and way—exactly the same dreams as have haunted the German political imagination since the Crusades.

Beyond all considerations of traditional *Weltpolitik,* important though they are, is the fact that Hitler's political faith is a sort of religion, a mystic exercise, powerful beyond the limits of mere democratic principle and incompatible with it. The Nazi philosophy will not rest until democracy, which it calls "Bolshevism," has perished from the earth. In the long run, by my guess, the philosophy will ruin the policy which it has so greatly aided, and will involve victorious Hitlerism in a struggle with the democratic forces of the whole world.

By the homage paid at Berchtesgaden, Godesberg, and Munich, by offering one poor nation as a sacrifice, the Western democracies did not ensure peace: they only ensured that the struggle, when it comes, will be far more terrible than it need have been. The sacrifice of Czechoslovakia was worse than vain.

THE END

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ONE NIGHT STAND

BY EUSTACE COCKRELL

HELL'S fire," Tommy Thorgerson said, "ain't it ever gonna quit snowin'?"

"This is beautiful country in the spring," the man beside him said. "It's beautiful now. All white and pure."

"I'm damn hungry," said Tommy.

"Quit swearing, Tommy," the man said absently to the nine-year-old who trudged along at his side. "Life is fraught with vicissitudes. One must learn to face them philosophically."

"Don't give me no double talk," Tommy said. "I don't see why we're leavin' this town," he added. "Why don't you go on down there and put the arm on them charity ladies for somethin' to eat, anyway? They was givin' away Christmas baskets to everybody else."

"A Thorgerson doesn't accept charity, Tommy," the man said, shifting his heavy suitcase to his other hand.

"A Thorgerson can freeze to death," said Tommy.

They were out of the town now, and the few farmhouses that sat back from the highway looked snug and solid, nestled in the deep snow that surrounded them. No car had passed for a long time.

"My foots are cold," Tommy Thorgerson said.

"Feet," Miles Thorgerson said patiently. "And, Tommy, I do wish you would watch your grammar more closely. It distresses me to hear you talk like a tramp."

The boy didn't look up from the ground. "If I ain't a tramp, what am I? If you hadn't missed your tricks from here to hell and gone half the time, our bookin' wouldn't been canceled and I wouldn't have been a tramp. But if I ain't a tramp now, what am I?"

They walked fifty yards then in silence. Finally the man sighed. "I'm sorry, Tommy. I guess it is my fault." There was a little catch in the man's voice. "I guess I'm through, Tommy." He paused again. He went on, then, more slowly: "But you're not. Your gift is God-given and no one can take it from you. If your hands get a little stiff it won't bother you. If your . . ."

Tommy looked up at the man beside him and took his gloved hand in his own shabbily mittened one. "Who said you was through?" he demanded fiercely. "A couple rum-dum house managers that don't know a good act when they see one." Then almost in the same breath he added, "Lookee there."

Far back from the road they saw through the falling snow a little house. They could discern the small figure of a girl trying to shovel the snow from the porch.

"Listen," Tommy said earnestly. "Let's you and me go up there and I'll shovel off the snow and maybe they'll let us get warm and scoff a little food."

"There are evidently no men on the place," Miles Thorgerson said reflectively. "But I'll shovel the snow."

Tommy turned off the road and started wading through the drifts toward the house. "And stiffen up your hands so's you couldn't palm a peanut—don't be a chump," he said exasperatedly.

Ten feet from the house Miles Thorgerson took off his hat. "We were passing," he said, "and saw you. We wondered if we couldn't be of assistance."

The little girl didn't answer for a moment. She was looking at Tommy in solemn appraisal.

"I'm doing quite well, thank you," she said finally.

Just then the front door opened and the smell of cooking food wafted into the wintry air made even Miles Thorgerson gulp slightly. In the door was framed the figure of a tiny old lady. "What do you men want?" she snapped, and her black eyes gleamed behind her glasses.

"We were passing," Miles Thorgerson said with a courtly bow, "and saw the young lady engaged in a task that ill befits the feminine hand. It was our purpose to offer our assistance."

The old lady sniffed. "Well," she said testily, "don't stand there with your hat off and catch your death of cold." She threw a sharp glance at Tommy. "Jessie," she said, "give that young scrubbins the shovel and you and the gentleman come in out of the cold."

Miles Thorgerson smiled and, stepping up, took the shovel from the little girl's hand. He handed it to Tommy.

ILLUSTRATED BY

HAROLD DENISON

Hopes mended, dreams come true! A tender tale of Christmas magic and what it brought to two lonely hearts

"Here, Scrubbins," he said. The door closed behind them.

Tommy looked at the towering drifts. He looked at the shovel. And suddenly he felt like crying. He was so hungry and so alone.

Jessie Oakley's grave countenance stared down at him from the window. Tommy gripped the shovel and attacked the drifted snow.

IT was warm and the fire felt good on his stockinged feet. The smell of his wet coat drying was good, and even Miles' familiar easy syllables were soothing. . . . "No, ma'am, he's not my son. But he's been with me since his parents died. He was but an infant. They were performers, too. The lad is really only my cousin."

Tommy heard the old lady's question: "What do you do?"

"I am by way of being a prestidigitator, ma'am," Miles' voice came through his drowsiness. "For instance . . ." and Tommy could hear Miles rubbing his hands together to warm and loosen them, "did you know I had eaten your pincushion?"

Tommy didn't open his eyes to watch Miles pull the pincushion from his mouth. He was too full of lunch and contentment to watch something he had seen a thousand times. But when he heard a long-drawn "ahhhh" of admiration from Jessie's corner of the room, his manner changed.

The old lady chuckled gleefully. Then she turned admonishingly to Jessie. "Get back to your lessons."

Tommy cast a wary eye at Jessie. She looked distressed, her hair-ribboned head bent over her book.

"I want her to have everything all finished before tomorrow," the old lady said to Miles, "so's she can enjoy her vacation."

"It's too hard, grandma," Jessie wailed. "Seventeen thousand and ninety-nine into three million, four hundred and twenty-eight thousand, seven hundred and one."

"It's two hundred point five, two naught five, five six," Tommy said, yawning. "That ought to be close enough for you."

Jessie's mouth flew open. "What?" she gasped.

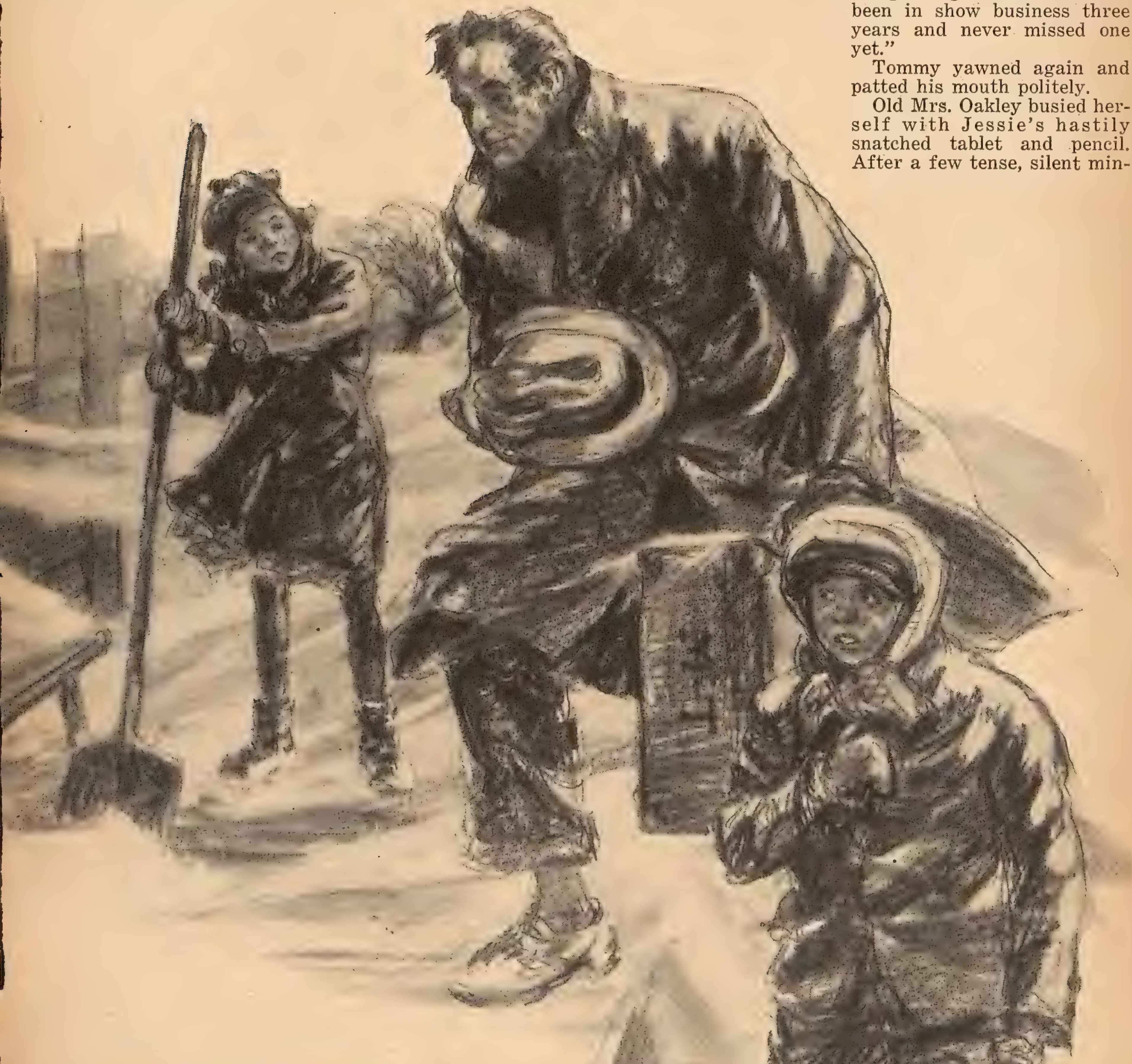
"That's the answer," Tommy said.

"Tommyrot," old Mrs. Oakley snapped.

"It's the answer," Miles Thorgerson said. "Tommy is a lightning calculator. He's been in show business three years and never missed one yet."

Tommy yawned again and patted his mouth politely.

Old Mrs. Oakley busied herself with Jessie's hastily snatched tablet and pencil. After a few tense, silent min-



In the door was a tiny old lady. "What do you want?" she snapped.

utes, she looked up. Her eyes were wide. "It's against nature," she muttered.

"No," Miles Thorgerson said. "It's rare. But there are others that can do the same, though I never heard of one so fast, so young. Tommy's in my act."

"Nine thousand, nine hundred and fourteen times seventeen hundred and eighty-nine," Jessie said, delighted.

"Seventeen million, seven hundred and thirty-six thousand, one hundred and forty-six," Tommy said instantly.

"One of 'em takes pincushions out of his mouth and the other'n does figures long as your arm in his head," old Mrs. Oakley was muttering. "It's against nature."

Miles Thorgerson picked up Mrs. Oakley's thimble.

"My accomplishments are only a matter of long practice," he said, "but Tommy's gift is from the gods." Tommy watched narrowly, his heart pounding. "Now you see the thimble," Thorgerson said. "Now you don't."

"I saw what he did with it, grandma!" Jessie squealed gleefully.

Miles Thorgerson sat down suddenly, his face pale and damp.

"You never neither!" Tommy burst out belligerently.

"Yes, I did," Jessie said. "I really did."

Miles Thorgerson said woodenly: "I missed it, Tommy. I knew I was going to miss it."

"Your hands was cold," Tommy said. "That's all."

"No," Miles said. "I *knew* I was going to miss it."

Jessie picked up her arithmetic book. "What's ninety-nine hundred and fifty-five times one thousand, four hundred and two?"

Tommy was looking at Miles Thorgerson and there was worry on his face. "Thirteen million, nine hundred and fifty-six thousand, nine hundred and ten," he said absently. "Miles," he added, "ain't we better be going?"

"Don't be hurryin' off in this weather," said old Mrs. Oakley. "There ain't a car an hour passin' on the hard road." She got up and poked the open fire. "No," she said again, "don't be hurryin' off."

Jessie said from her corner, triumphantly, "You're wrong. It's—"

"You musta made a mistake," Tommy said flatly. "It's right. Darn nice of you, ma'am, to let us get warm," Tommy went on to Mrs. Oakley, "but we better be gettin' along. Hadn't we, Miles?"

"I expect so," Miles said. He sounded tired.

"You get on with your lessons, child," Mrs. Oakley said. "I want you all through before tonight."

"He was right," Jessie said, slightly aggrieved. Then she stood up. "That was my last problem, grandma." She came over and stood before the fire, examining Tommy pulling on his shoes.

"You think you're pretty smart, don't you?" she asked finally. "Goin' around in long pants and doin' other people's arithmetic."

"I just write it down in my head," Tommy said. "Just like you write it down on your paper. It ain't my fault."

"Long pants." Jessie minced the words. "And saying *ain't.*"

"These pants," Tommy said fiercely, "I wear 'em in the act. I ain't any kid."

"Ain't." Jessie said haughtily. "How old are you?"

"Ten—*almost* ten," Tommy said, catching Miles' eye.

"And *very* clever. I think," Jessie said archly, "I'll give you one more problem, Mr. Long Pants."

Tommy straightened up. "You can't give me a problem I can't work in thirty seconds," he said.

Miles Thorgerson looked at Mrs. Oakley. She smiled.

"All right," Jessie said slowly. "What's Santa Claus going to bring me tonight?"

Tommy laughed. It was a hard laugh.

"Well," he said tolerantly, "how many people are there in the United States?"

"A hundred and twenty million—no, maybe it's thirty."

"Well," Tommy said, "if it was only a hundred and twenty million, that's twenty-four million families, counting five to a family. He comes late at night?"

"Yes," Jessie said dubiously.

"If everybody goes to bed at nine o'clock," Tommy said—"and I know plenty ain't really up good till then—he'd have to go down—well, call it forty-four thousand, four hundred and forty-five chimneys *every minute* from nine to six." He paused. "Or seven hundred and forty and three fourths chimneys every second. And," Tommy concluded, snapping his fingers, "*that's* a second."

Jessie said, a little doubtfully, "But *he's* magic."

"Magic," Tommy snorted. "I seen Miles there, when he was the best in the business, and he can't do nothin' like that kind of a trick."

"But, Tommy," Miles said, "it's a different kind of magic."

Old Mrs. Oakley had sat silent through all this. Now she stood up and went to the door leading to one of the two bedrooms that opened off the living room of the farmhouse. "Young man," she said, "you go in there and get your clothes off and let me get them dry. Jessie, get him my old wrapper. I don't intend to allow a young scrubbins so dumb he don't believe in Santa Claus to go out in this weather. He would probably freeze to death," she added witheringly.

EUSTACE COCKRELL

the fifth member of his family to sell fiction to Liberty, says he took up writing because he can work at it sitting down. He was born and still lives in Warrensburg, Missouri. Likes horse racing; prefers the pari-mutuel system.

When Mrs. Oakley had sent Jessie into the kitchen, she turned to Miles.

"Ma'am," he said slowly, "it's my fault. Tommy's wise and cynical. But hotel rooms and Pullman berths and even a Times Square flat are not the places that lend themselves to creating the illusion of Santa Claus."

"Why not?" old Mrs. Oakley demanded grimly.

Miles Thorgerson looked down. "I'm not so old," he said. "But I'm through. Something has happened to me." Mrs. Oakley didn't say anything, and after a moment he went on: "I achieved an illusion once. I worked on it a long time. It was perfect. But the second performance I missed it. It broke my confidence. Since then I've been missing all my tricks more and more frequently. I'm through, I guess," he finished weakly.

Old Mrs. Oakley moved her rocker around where she could face Miles Thorgerson and she looked at him a long time. "I haven't very long to live," she said. "Not very long. But I've lived a long time and I know what's happened to you. You've got so you don't believe in Santa Claus either."

Miles Thorgerson didn't look up. And he didn't say anything.

"You see," the old lady said softly, "it's not one of those illusions. It's the realest thing there is."

"Yes?" Miles Thorgerson said.

"Yes," Mrs. Oakley said. She paused and looked at the ceiling a moment. "Got any of your equipment with you?" she asked finally.

"Yes," he said. He nodded toward the room where Tommy had gone. "He'll sleep in there?" he whispered.

"Yes, he'll sleep in there."

"If I fail," Miles said, "I'm through."

"Yes," the old lady said, "and so is he."

"He's a professional audience," Miles said.

"But if he's watching—and he's sure to watch—he'll only have a keyhole."

"What can we put in the stocking?"

"I've got that," the old lady said. "Jessie had a brother once. He was nine years old."

"Oh," Miles Thorgerson said.

"He was killed December twenty-first, nineteen thirty-six," the old lady said. She held her voice even. "They're packed in the attic. They've never been unwrapped."

"But you couldn't—" Miles Thorgerson began.

"I can't?" Mrs. Oakley demanded fiercely. "What better thing could I do with them?"

"Mrs. Oakley," Thorgerson said, "you are a great lady." He paused a moment, his head bent. Finally he straightened up and he was smiling. "Can you get rid of the children," he asked, "for two short hours?"

"H'mph," the old lady said. "I'll send 'em to town for the turkey. The bird I've ordered is too heavy for Jessie, anyway."

After Tommy was dressed and the children had left, Miles Thorgerson made a tour of the attic with Mrs. Oakley. Then, coming down, he went into the room where Tommy had been and, gluing his eye to the keyhole, spent almost five minutes. Then he came out into the room; he took a pencil and made marks on the wall, one on the floor and one on the ceiling. " That," he told the mystified Mrs. Oakley, " will be his range of vision."

Next he pulled down all the blinds, throwing the room into almost total darkness. Then he threw a log on the fire and poked it until it blazed. Again he went to Tommy's door and looked long through the keyhole.

Then he raised the blinds and sat down. " Mrs. Oakley," he said apologetically, " I have something to ask you. Something I hate to ask. I want you to leave me alone in this room for an hour."

Old Mrs. Oakley remained silent.

" I am," Miles Thorgerson said, " going to try to do a trick that requires a deftness that I haven't possessed for many years, and, as a performing magician—once, my dear, one of the greatest—I am prevented by professional ethics from permitting you to know how it is done." He paused. " If I can do it," he added heavily.

" All right," Mrs. Oakley said. " And you'll do it."

" The sound effects I can achieve. I used to do ventriloquism; that, Tommy does not know. I have a great advantage in limiting his perspective. I am going to fix the keyhole so he cannot see everything."

Old Mrs. Oakley smiled. " You *will* do it," she said. " I know you will."

" And," Miles Thorgerson said, " I have one more advantage that is tremendous. I am creating something he wants desperately to see, whether he knows it or not." He paused. " I won't fail," he said.

THE tree was trimmed and glittering in the lamplight. The fire in the fireplace crackled merrily. The couch on the far wall was converted for this night into a bed for Miles Thorgerson. Tommy Thorgerson yawned.

" It's mighty nice of you to let us stay over and scoff that turkey, Miz Oakley," he said. " It like to wore me out, luggin' it home."

Miles Thorgerson gazed absently at the mantelpiece, the mantelpiece where one of Tommy's stockings, neatly darned in the toe, hung beside Jessie's.

Miles Thorgerson leaned back in his chair. He closed his eyes for a moment, then, in his beautiful and quiet voice, he began:

" 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse . . ."

Jessie Oakley's eyes became larger and larger.

". . . . On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!* . . ."

Tommy Thorgerson shook himself sharply when Miles' voice was still. " Well," he said condescendingly, " you read your lines well, Miles. Awful well." Then suddenly he added belligerently, almost so belligerently it seemed feigned, " I hope you don't go makin' a chump out of yourself, Miles, tryin' to fix up any phony Santa Claus."

" I can't keep Santa Claus from coming," Miles Thorgerson said.

" I noticed there wasn't no tracks around the house when I come in," Tommy said. " So he ain't been here yet."

Miles Thorgerson pointed to the window, where the swirling falling snow made new patterns each instant. " It's snowing now, Tommy," he said softly. " That's why he uses reindeer—they are so swift, and they don't mind the snow."

" Nuts! " Tommy said, and he yawned exaggeratedly.

" I'm going to bed," old Mrs. Oakley said. " I've got a passel of things to do tomorrow. You go along, too, Jessie."

TOMMY was shivering. It was cold in his little room, and holding his eye to the keyhole put him in a cramped position. Miles still sat and gazed into the fire.

Suddenly Miles stood up and he threw Tommy's door a quick glance and, walking over, hung his hat on the doorknob. Then Tommy heard sounds. He crept back to his bed and rummaged fiercely through his clothes. No, that was too big. This would do. He dashed back to the keyhole. Slowly he pushed the pencil through the keyhole until the hat fell. He could see nothing. Miles was out of his range of vision. Then suddenly he appeared.

Tommy Thorgerson almost cried out in pity. Miles Thorgerson was creeping up to the stockings and in each of his hands there was one pitiful orange. Tommy gulped. Poor Miles. I'm watching, Miles. Don't do it.

He was before the fireplace and Tommy tried to turn away, but something held him. There was a great lump in his throat and he could feel the tears behind his eyes.

Then suddenly there was a sound. An odd scuffling sound and sparks flew and some ashes. Miles Thorgerson's jaw dropped and he took a half step forward into the yellow pitiless light of the fire and his face was a fine drawn mask of wonder. Then he smiled and, as if directed, he reached down, and from the fire he drew two small fur mittens!

Tommy Thorgerson narrowed the eye he had to the keyhole and marveled at the trick. And then Miles Thorgerson was reaching into the fire and quickly drawing from it things that made Tommy know it was no trick, because these were things he'd always wanted, and they were coming in profusion, real, not props. " It's the McCoy! " Tommy gasped, and his eyes were frankly wet. A tiny clarinet! A knife! A leather jacket Tommy knew would fit! And Miles was stuffing some in the stockings, and some he was piling on the floor.

Tommy squeezed his hands desperately together, trying to awaken. But he was not asleep. Those things were real, and they were there.

Miles Thorgerson was smiling. He bent lower before the fire, and above the tiny sound of snow hitting the windowpanes was another sound— Then faint, but crystal clear—" on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!* . . ." The sound, clear and hard and sharp, of tiny hoofs scrambling for an instant on the icy roof.

Then all was still.

Miles Thorgerson, standing before the fireplace, didn't move.

Tommy Thorgerson let out his breath in a great whistling gulp. He thought he saw Miles Thorgerson's shoulders go down a little as if Miles, too, had let out his breath.

MILES THORGERSON'S familiar voice was droning on, but now it had a ring in it that Tommy Thorgerson had not heard for a long time. " Madam," he was saying oracularly to Mrs. Oakley, " something about this Christmas morning reminds me of a Christmas years ago in Sydney, Australia. I had, as it happened, performed a trick on the previous night that required a remarkable deftness. It was tumultuously received. However, since that time I have been working on a more complicated version of the same trick, and I feel that I can now bring it to perfection. When I reach New York I dare say there will be considerable competition among the agents, as of old, to handle Thorgerson the Inimitable."

Jessie was opening the packages from her pile. Tommy was opening his, too. But he wasn't acting like Jessie. He was strangely quiet.

Jessie looked around.

" Gee," she said, as Tommy tried on a pair of mittens that just fitted him, " Mr. Thorgerson sure gave you some nice presents."

Tommy looked up.

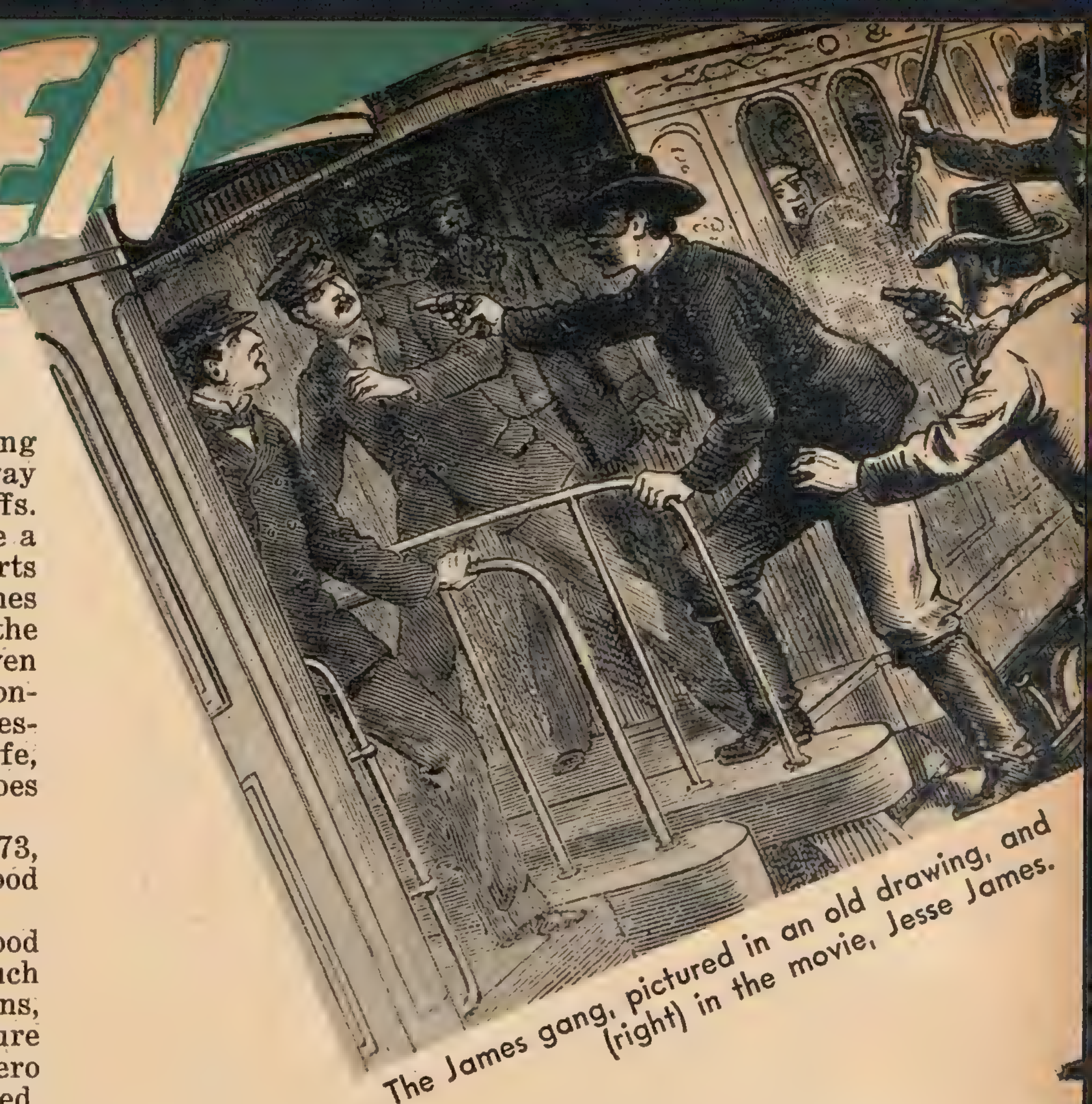
" The stuff in the stockings is what Santa Claus brings," Jessie said, as if explaining something to a very backward child, " and the things on the floor are what people give you."

Tommy Thorgerson straightened up and his face was white.

" That's wrong! " he said fiercely. " Santa Claus brought 'em all."

THE END

THE BAD MEN



The James gang, pictured in an old drawing, and (right) in the movie, Jesse James.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

A MOIST Iowa moon dribbles down on the glistening rails of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway where it rounds a curve east of Council Bluffs. Seven black figures loosen a rail in the track and tie a rope around it. Twenty minutes later the train starts to round the curve. The rope jerks, the rail vanishes from the track, and the locomotive plunges down into the ditch on its side, crushing its engineer to death. Seven shooting desperadoes charge aboard the train. The conductor stands, uncomprehending. A stunned express messenger surrenders the contents of his express-car safe, three thousand dollars. With a final yell, the desperadoes swarm off into the night.

Such was the first official train robbery, July 21, 1873, attributed to Frank and Jesse James, with their boyhood pals, Jim and Cole Younger!

This and more you will be seeing at your neighborhood movie house within the next few months—pictures such as Jesse James, The Oklahoma Kid, Billy the Kid Returns, and an epidemic of epics of the West. Quite a departure from the era ushered in by Scarface, when the hero gangster had to be ratted up instead of romanticized.

After this era, when G-men stood for good men, why are the bad men coming? Why has Twentieth Century-Fox decided to put its Number One heart appeal, Tyrone Power, into the role of America's most famous train and bank robber? Why has Warner Brothers, master pulse-feelers of the public taste, determined to risk their brilliant star, James Cagney, in the character of a four-in-one border bandit?

The answers are interesting. Let's take Nunnally Johnson, speaking for Twentieth Century-Fox as associate producer of that company, noted writer, and creator of the inspired script for Jesse James:

A preview of Hollywood's new outbreak of outlawry —and the story behind it

“ Sure, it's entertaining. Because Jesse James was the most exciting, the dangedest— But, seriously, I'll tell you why we're doing Jesse James.” He bats the desk and strides up and down the room. “ It's summed up in a foreword to the picture. Here.” He opens the shooting script and reads: “ ‘ After the tragic war between the States, the eager, ambitious mind of America turned to the winning of the West. The symbol of this era was the building of the transcontinental railroads; they represented the heart and soul of the national industrial plan and engaged the whole people between 1865 and 1873. But the advance of the railroads was, in some cases, predatory and unscrupulous. . . . Whole communities of simple, hardy pioneers found themselves victimized by an ever-growing ogre—the Iron Horse. It was this uncertain and lawless age that gave to the world, for good or ill, its most famous outlaws, the brothers Frank and Jesse James.’ ” He closes the script.

“ As for Jesse James himself, we make no attempt to condemn or glorify. The outstanding facts that cast the mood of a man's life are set forth and allowed to speak to the audiences as they will. We at Twentieth Century-Fox contend there can be no danger of bad example, because the conditions under which Jesse James lived his life cannot be reproduced. Those times have passed forever.”

The Hays office answers: “ Yes, we passed a Jesse James script for Twentieth Century-Fox. Why not? ”

It might have added, “ Could anything show more clearly that crime does not pay? ”

(Shades of Article No. 1 of the Code by which a picture lives!)

Warner Brothers, progenitors of The Oklahoma Kid, say: “ It's nothing but the cycle. We've had the heavy problem plays, the screw-ball comedies. Now it's time for some rootin', tootin' good old out-of-doors. When the raw market for motion pictures began to slump, we promised the exhibitors we'd do our bit by giving them action pictures and plenty of 'em. Early in the lead was Robin Hood. Here's our current answer—Dodge City, The Oklahoma Kid, Juarez, the story of the Mexican patriot and Maximilian, the French-imported emperor who had to fight his way through layers of Mexican bad men to his doom.”

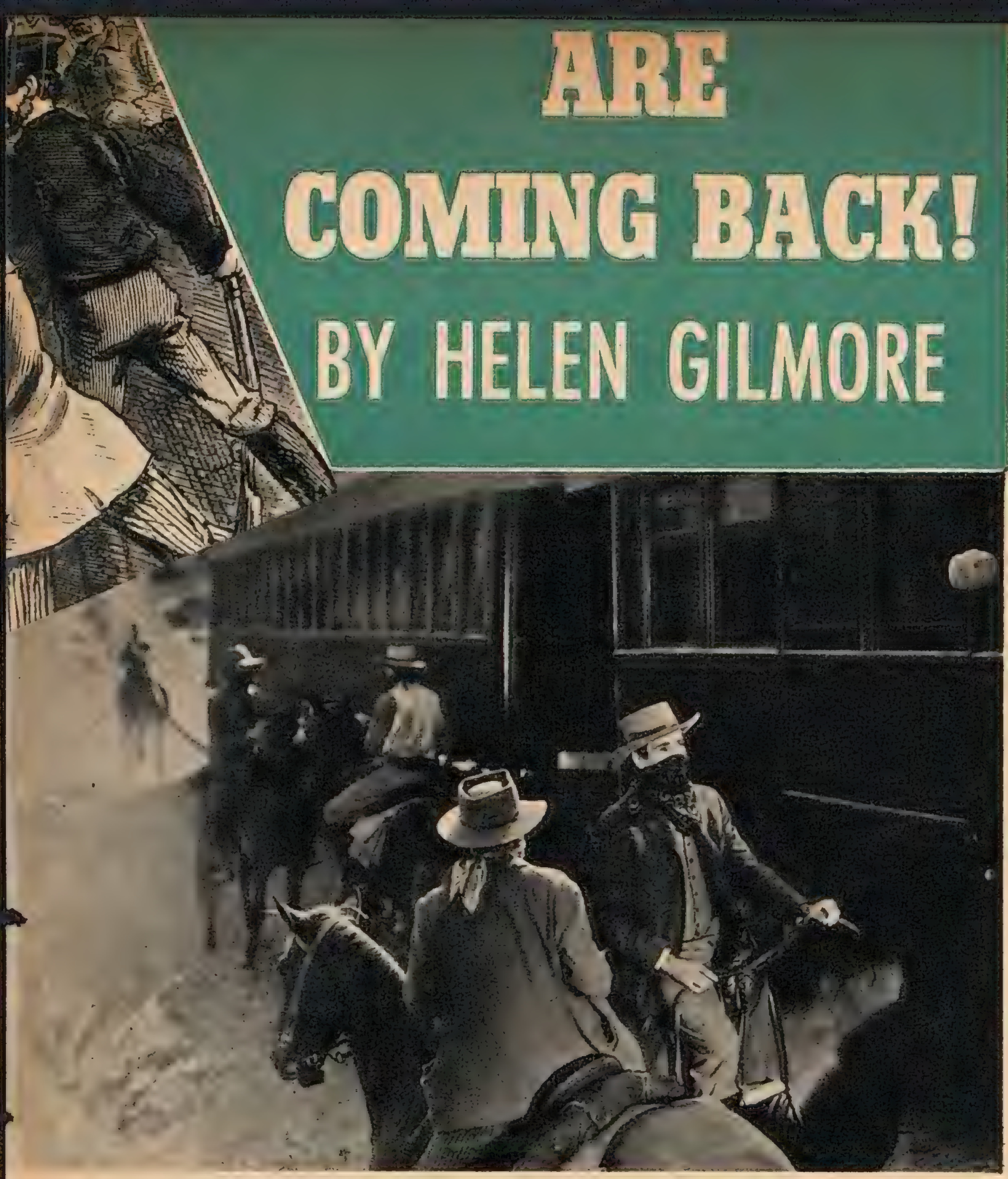
Jim Denton, smart Hollywood publicity man, gives another slant: “ Hero worship of Europe began to weaken with the war debts, suffered a bilious attack with the rise of the dictators, swallowed the knockout drops of Ethiopia and Austria, and passed out on Czechoslovakia. After the recent rummage sale of nations over there, the cry here was, Give us more and more America! The hell with *their* history! Let's have ours! ”

To which Cecil B. De Mille, present dean of American epics, replies: “ America's unsung heroes and little-known phases of this country's history have fascinated me for many years. In reflecting on great American events that have been cinematically unexplored, I suppose it is inevitable that I should have turned to the first transcontinental railroad, a seventy-three-million-dollar span with which America conquered a wilderness. This epic story of violence and achievement, and the fact that no ambitious railroading film has been made since The Iron Horse, fifteen years ago, prompted me to do Union Pacific. And we hope to make the picture a lasting cinematic tribute to the humble heroes who built the road with their blood and brawn and vision in the face of towering and merciless odds.”

A challenging theme, Mr. De Mille, in view of the revelations of Jesse James. If you recall, Mr. Johnson's foreword prepares the way for the seamy side of railroad history; a side which the picture proceeds to set forth in courageous and arresting fashion. Yet it is in this theme that Jesse James makes its chief detour around fact. Although every incident represented in the movie can be found in the annals of Missouri railroading, the railroads were not responsible for forcing the James boys into outlawry. That was quite another controversy, known as the

ARE COMING BACK!

BY HELEN GILMORE



Civil War; omitted, says the studio, because the picture tells the life of an outlaw, not the story of sectional hatreds.

Missouri was a border state, ravaged by the rougher elements of both Abolitionists and Southern sympathizers. Violence was answered by flaming violence. Jesse was just fifteen when the Federal militia rode up to the farm of his stepfather, Dr. Samuels, strung the kindly doctor up on a tree, while they rounded up Jesse, plowing in the field, and lashed him until blood streaked his swollen back. A few days later they threw his mother and eight-year-old sister into jail. Jesse joined the guerrilla forces of Quantrell, Todd, and bloody Bill Anderson. Understandable?

There is an ironic twist to Jesse's surrender as a Confederate soldier. Going into Lexington, Missouri, for his parole, he was desperately wounded by Federal troops. His pals loaded him on a wagon and carried him on in, where the commanding officer gave him invalid transportation home to die. For a year he fought for his life, joined the Baptist church, fell in love, and planned to settle down in his native fields.

But such was not the destiny of Jesse James. One night the local militia, angered possibly by a bank raid they couldn't pin on Jesse, stormed out to the Samuels farm to punish him anyway for his war activities, a score which might well have been considered settled at Lexington. To their demands for his person, Jesse fired a challenging shot through the door. From that moment he became the specter at every honest man's feast. A pretty lusty specter, to be sure, yet none the less tragic.

At violent conflict are the reports of the character of the James boys; everything from pet torturers to crucified martyrs. So far as the pet-torturing theory goes, it is definitely false. There is repeated evidence that the boys were fond of animals. Reliable authorities agree they were just good, sturdy Missouri farm lads who, born in normal times, would have made honest citizens. In fact, Frank proved conclusively what an honest citizen he could make by the simple expedient of being one for thirty-three years. This was after he gave himself up and the Missouri courts cleared him—or, more precisely, failed to convict him.

Both James and Thomas Coleman Younger, the latter caught in the Northfield bank robbery and later pardoned by the State of Minnesota, lived to a ripe and respected old age. They were even featured in a Wild West show together. As startling example of their good citizenship, they were highly disgusted with a ragtag of card sharps and con men that trailed the show. The management winked at the whole business, so Frank made it his civic duty to warn mayors and police officials of towns en route.

The crooks finally cornered him in a store and prepared to close in. Keeping his face toward them, the first rule of the gunman, Frank backed for the sidewalk, dreading the moment when he would have to reach for the weapon concealed at his side, which the State of Missouri permitted him to carry for self-defense. By chance Cole Younger was coming down the street on a Missouri mule. Sensing Frank's predicament, he shouted, "Hold them off, Frank! I'm coming!" Forthwith he gave the mule a series of businesslike kicks.

The sight of the famous outlaw team was too much for the lily-livered sharpers. But Frank and Cole knew it would be merely a matter of time until they were cornered again. Rather than risk their spotless post-outlaw records, they quit the Wild West show then and there.

What made Jesse James the greatest outlaw of all times? Why should he, above all others, have been celebrated in pictures, plays, both of that day and recently on Broadway, in Missouri Legend; in songs that are still sung, "Oh, the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard, And they laid Jesse James in his grave!" (see Judy Canova and Annie and Zeke); and, to climax the list, a Jesse James Five-Cent Cigar? Even our age of super-super-publicity can't top that; we never had a John Dillinger Five-Cent Cigar.

Probably Jesse's outstanding claim to bandit supremacy was his longevity. Sixteen years of active outlawry is a record which has never officially been excelled, to the great relief of the F. B. I. Obviously he couldn't have done it without an extremely accurate eye—Jesse is reputed to have been able to shoot three men on a single draw—plus fleet legs, both his and his horse's. Neither sheriff nor gallows ever got him. He died not by foe but by friend.

Perhaps his claim to fame was the invention ascribed to him of train-robbing. Or daylight bank hold-ups, which Henry Starr, the Oklahoma bandit, brought to a fine art, and which present-day gangsters have followed. Certainly it was a novelty when the band rode into Corydon, Iowa, in broad daylight while a political rally was in swing, and relieved the cashier of the bank of some forty thousand dollars. What revealed the fine hand of James was the suspiciously sardonic joke pulled at the end of the haul. The entire band rode over to the rally and one of its members called out to the astounded Iowans that they had better get over to the bank because some one had tied up the cashier!

In any event, you're going to see a heap o' scooter riding on the sand lots of the nation to the tune of Jesse James, and some rootin', tootin' shootin' from whittled sticks of wood in the name of Billy the Kid, who returns to Republic Productions, home of the celebrated Hi-yo, Silver!

Come to think of it, "Hi-yo Silver" from the throats of the kids of forty-eight states may be the reason for the whole durned epidemic.

But we think it's this:

Bad men have always been good!

THE END

WARMER TONIGHT

BY BRENDA UELAND

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVE STEIN

Kidnaped by gangsters! Now a girl who laughs in the face of danger is caught by the thrill of an amazing adventure

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

PRETTY Stephanie Flinders, an artist, likes the simplicity of her life in Star Prairie, but a crass, horsy millionaire, Jack Blokestone, upsets her peace and quiet with his aggressive love-making. To her sister-in-law, Diana, she says he gives her the pip.

Ducking a dinner engagement with him, Stephanie invites Diana and Henry and Virginia Smithers to dine with her at Struck's German restaurant. Before the meal is over three men walk into the place for drinks: Blokestone, Oscar Glozeman, a labor racketeer leader, and a gay blond chap who turns out to be John Fitzjohn, an ace newspaper correspondent now assigned to the investigation of gangster strike promoters in this region of the Middle West.

Introduced, Fitzjohn immediately falls head over heels in love with Stephanie, and she is quite taken with him, to Blokestone's chagrin and rage. The big bully takes it out on his trembling, hangdog chauffeur, to the disgust of the rest of the party.

Fitzjohn, after a tilt with Blokestone, takes Stephanie home. Their friendship grows, though the girl pleasantly rebuffs any attempt at romance. Unexpectedly, news comes that Stephanie has been left money by a forgotten uncle in New York. Really afraid of the big town and its lurking dangers, she screws up enough courage to take the trip to claim her inheritance.

As a practical joke, her friends, Diana and the Smitherses, send her a telegram in which it appears she is one of a mob of gangsters headed by Glozeman. Fitzjohn, joining them, discovers Blokestone's chauffeur beaten up outside the house. The chauffeur reveals a valuable secret to him. When told of the telegram, Fitzjohn is terribly worried. He phones again and again to Stephanie's hotel in New York, only to hear she has vanished! So he plans to fly East.

PART TWO—A HOUSE OF MYSTERY

NOW, this part of the story I must tell secondhand. And I will be exactly truthful and not exaggerate, for, as Stephanie always says to me: "You always exaggerate about a hundred million times."

Fitzjohn arrived in New York at two o'clock the next afternoon. At the Dolly Madison Hotel he found that Stephanie had not been in her room all night. He also found that she had received no telegram! That is, our screamingly funny telegram had never got to her.

Fitzjohn made the telegraph company trace it. It turned out the telegram seemed so sinister (because of the racketeering trials) they had turned it over to the police of our Middle Western city. Now, the police official who had received it was Lieutenant Frank D——.

Well, when Fitzjohn heard that, he felt just terrible—as though a stone had turned over in his chest. Up to that point he had hoped that Stephanie might be staying with friends whom he did not know about.

But this Lieutenant D——! With his low corrugated brow and his big feet in shoes like violin cases, he looked like the usual confidence-inspiring policeman. But really he was one of the crookedest men you could ever hope to find.

He had been in jail for burglary when on duty as a policeman (can you imagine anything meaner?). But Glozeman, by his power and bribes, had got him out of prison in three months and actually put back on the police force. That was how Fitzjohn guessed that Glozeman might know what had happened to Stephanie.

He telephoned Glozeman in the Middle West. But Glozeman was in Jersey City. This was wonderful luck. Fitzjohn went to his apartment on East Seventy-third Street, put on extra sweaters, some thick-soled golf shoes and homespun Austrian socks. He cleaned and oiled his gun, a .38-caliber automatic, hired a brand-new car, and drove to Jersey City. All this was accomplished by five o'clock Sunday afternoon.

But Glozeman was not in his hotel. Fitzjohn waited for him. No medieval saint burning on his grill was ever so tortured. He walked about the lobby. He telephoned about something unimportant every ten minutes. He walked up and down the sidewalk outside, where wet snow was falling, peering for the car that would bring Glozeman. A mournful northeast wind piled the blobs of thick snow on his eyelashes, and all the foghorns in the harbor were blowing minor chords.

He considered whether to tell the New York police. But no, he decided; he must see Glozeman alone. He was working on this theory: that Glozeman thought Stephanie—because of our telegram—was an important witness against him.

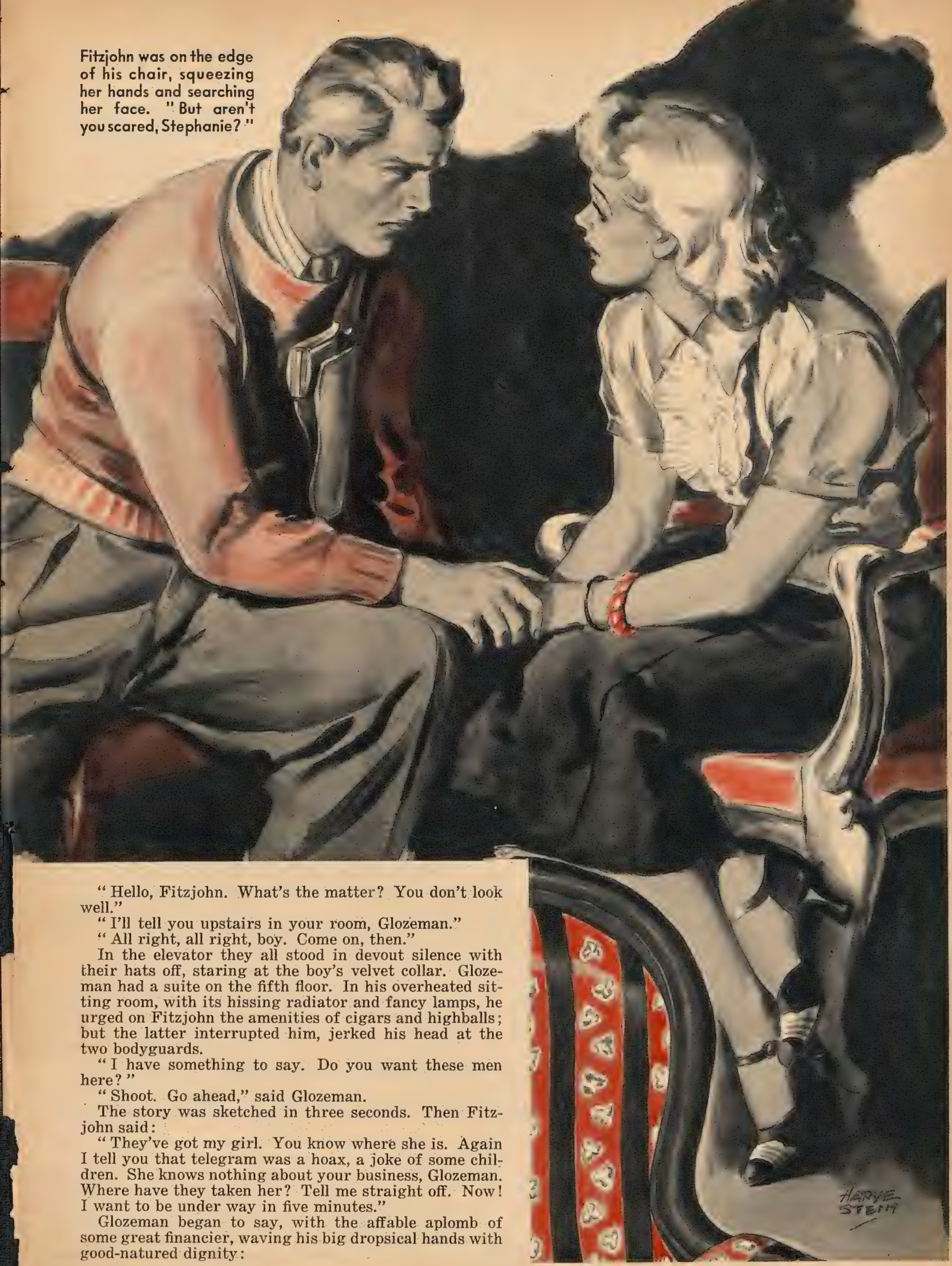
And the more Fitzjohn told himself that Stephanie was probably just at a maiden aunt's in Bronxville, or at some fudge-party reunion with old college friends, the more apprehensive he got. "Oh, Stephanie, Stephanie!" he would groan aloud, pacing up and down the lobby, staring blankly into people's faces, catching sight of his own agonized face in a gum machine and not recognizing it.

Then, at seven o'clock, Glozeman came through the revolving doors—his prominent eyes fine and flashing from a distance, but near to they were opaque and clouded like those of an elderly Pekingese.

Fitzjohn stopped him. Glozeman's bodyguard stepped forward. There were two of them, a well known gunman named Ryan, and another one. Both looked mild and harmless like cartoons of little Mr. Average Man, but each had his hand in his coat pocket and their guns pointed through the cloth.

Glozeman smiled his opera-box smile.

Fitzjohn was on the edge of his chair, squeezing her hands and searching her face. "But aren't you scared, Stephanie?"



"Hello, Fitzjohn. What's the matter? You don't look well."

"I'll tell you upstairs in your room, Glozeman."

"All right, all right, boy. Come on, then."

In the elevator they all stood in devout silence with their hats off, staring at the boy's velvet collar. Glozeman had a suite on the fifth floor. In his overheated sitting room, with its hissing radiator and fancy lamps, he urged on Fitzjohn the amenities of cigars and highballs; but the latter interrupted him, jerked his head at the two bodyguards.

"I have something to say. Do you want these men here?"

"Shoot. Go ahead," said Glozeman.

The story was sketched in three seconds. Then Fitzjohn said:

"They've got my girl. You know where she is. Again I tell you that telegram was a hoax, a joke of some children. She knows nothing about your business, Glozeman. Where have they taken her? Tell me straight off. Now! I want to be under way in five minutes."

Glozeman began to say, with the affable aplomb of some great financier, waving his big dropsical hands with good-natured dignity:

"I wish I could help you, boy, and I am flattered to think you think I know anything about it . . ."

Fitzjohn interrupted him nervously to say:

"I don't know if you do or not. But before you explain, listen to this. I hope you can act then. In the Middle West they are looking for McCook, the disbarred lawyer. He is your brother-in-law. You and I both know it would help the Grand Jury if they could arrest McCook. Then they could pull you in too. Well, I know where McCook is. If you will tell me where they have got my girl, I will tell you where McCook is. Then you can warn him and he will get away. If you don't tell me, he will be arrested before ten o'clock tonight."

Now, poor Fitzjohn felt as though he were pointing a revolver and did not know whether the cartridge in it was a real one or a blank. He did not know at all if what he said would be important to Glozeman. And so he pulled the trigger. But it wasn't a blank cartridge. It was a bullet. At least, Glozeman lost his blank aplomb.

"How do *I* know that *you* know where McCook is?" said Glozeman.

"Blokestone's chauffeur told me. Let me identify him for you. He is an escaped convict whose original name was George Johnson and he has had his face lifted and his nose changed."

Glozeman said nothing for a long time.

"Fitzjohn, I don't know where your girl is."

"Perhaps you don't. But you know at least twenty people whom you can ask. You see, Glozeman," he said, "you had better help me in this. Some mugs—friends of yours—have this girl. She is not rich enough to pay a ransom and not poor enough to be forgotten. She knows as little about criminals as you do about Episcopalians. In a day the whole country will know it. I will have you arrested. Yes, Ryan could shoot me now. But that would just make things worse. . . . Find out where she is, Glozeman, and tell me. You can see that I am talking sensibly."

"What will you do for *me*, Fitzjohn? Will you quit this snoop job of yours?"

"No; I don't need to haggle with you. Because if you tell me where she is you are no worse off than before. If you don't, I will kill you—oh, within a week." Because he meant it, it was not necessary for him to scowl or look purposeful. He could even smile.

GLOZEMAN chewed his wet cigar. Then he said, after a thoughtful interval:

"All right. Where is McCook, then? Where is he?"

"Tell me where my girl is first. I want exact directions. Write it out."

"Me write it out? Say, that would be good, wouldn't it! No, I'm not giving work to the handwriting experts," said Glozeman jocosely. "Here—I'll dictate. Go northwest seventy miles to Port Jervis. Cross the Delaware. Come back on the other side to Dingmans Ferry. Leave the river, go straight west toward the mountains—three miles in the woods. There is a store and gas station. Ask for the Osgood mansion. Look, it's a pink house with crazy roofs all over it . . . on a lake." He rolled his soggy cigar along his lower lip. "Now come across. Where's McCook?"

Fitzjohn wrote it out: "In Hopkins, Minnesota. In the National Hotel. He's registered under this name: Riley Crabb."

Fitzjohn ran downstairs instead of waiting for the elevator. His car was in front. He started driving. The wet snow piled on his windshield. But beyond Paterson he came into wilder country and it stopped snowing and he could go very fast. It kept him very much awake to guard against the slipperiness of the road.

At Port Jervis he crossed the wide black river on a bridge etched in white snow. But he had hardly done so when he had a blowout. The tire whistled and screamed. He thought he would burst with disappointment. But fortunately he was hardly a quarter of a mile from a garage and he walked there.

Now, in this garage Fitzjohn had a good idea. The elderly mechanic, peering through greasy spectacles, had at last collected his tools and driven off to change the tire. Up to this time Fitzjohn had not dared tell the police, because they always smeared the news about and then the newspapers got it. And if that happened Stephanie's kidnapers might take her to Canada, or Mexico, or murder her. . . . Cold sweat prickled in his eyebrows. No; he must find her alone, singlehanded. That was all there was to it.

But now, in this dim dirty rustic garage, he was alone. He decided to telephone his friend Jack Edmunds in Washington. Edmunds was an official of the Department of Justice.

Well, Fitzjohn rapidly sketched the story to him. "And Glozeman tells me," he said, "that the hide-out is a house five miles west of Dingmans Ferry, by a lake in the woods there."

Edmunds was an extremely excitable man with a cultivated Harvard accent and daintily clipped consonants. He began to splutter like a bunch of small firecrackers.

"My goodness, John, we have been watching that house! Thanks most awfully for the information. Most helpful! It is ten miles southeast of Big Drink Pound. My gracious, we have been considering that house for months! John, thank you, old man. I am most grateful. I shall notify our men in Scranton and Newark. Hooligan will be most tremendously pleased. We will have the place surrounded by morning. Wait for them in the vicinity, my boy. Reconnoiter if you like, but don't be foolhardy, I beg!"

WHEN Fitzjohn heard all this, his hopes went skyrocketing, because now there was a chance that Glozeman had not been lying, after all. He could hardly wait to hang up the receiver on Jack Edmunds' cultivated splutter, and stepped from his right foot to the left as though the floor were hot. At last he cut short the conversation.

He ran to his car. The old mechanic was so slow that Fitzjohn changed the tire himself. Then he drove on. When he came to Dingmans Ferry, a hamlet with two feeble lights in upstairs windows, he turned straight west into the forest. It was after ten o'clock.

The store was there in the woods, with the oil pump outside, as Glozeman had said. Fitzjohn bought cigarettes of a sociable man in a stained sweater.

"How far is it to the Osgood house?"

"Three miles. Yes, sir, three miles. They's a kinda crazy fence around it. . . . Visiting?" But Fitzjohn hardly waited to say "No."

He knew it by the high iron fence around it. There was a winding driveway through the park, and now in the snow-illuminated night he could see the house—pale and phosphorescent among huge black Christmas trees. It was wooden and very large and complicated with flying buttresses and spindling balconies—romantic and depressing at the same time, as though it had been built by a rich maniac who still lived in it. It was not ramshackle, though, but well painted and neat, and white smoke whipped cozily out of four chimneys against a black sky.

A mile beyond, he concealed his car in a lane that sank into some oak woods.

The thin blowing rain had stopped and somewhere under the flying clouds there was a moon, for it was quite light. He crossed a field through damp, heavy snow. He vaulted the iron fence. But before crossing the lawn he waited. There might be guards watching outside. So he walked along the bank by the lake, where the wind whistled sadly. He slipped noiselessly behind the turreted stables. He saw no one.

In the first-floor windows there were lights. The shades were not drawn. On the second-floor there was only one lighted room. That was above the porte-cochere, a jutting room with a bay of three tall windows.

Fitzjohn ran across the lawn and hid in the withered garden at the base of the house. He looked in the windows. Three men were playing cards: a dumpy, dull-looking man; a sallow man with a narrow projecting jaw; a man with a bulging forehead and lashless eyes.

In a few minutes a mulatto butler came in. He was told to get drinks. When he had disappeared, Fitzjohn heard distant shouting, and the cardplayers smirked at each other and one jerked his thumb at the kitchen. This meant there was a woman in the kitchen; for vulgar men always smile in that way when a man and woman quarrel.

After this appraisal Fitzjohn climbed lightly to the roof of the porte-cochere, going up a drainpipe and a thin fancy wooden pillar, to look in the room above. And this is what he saw:

Stephanie was there! A sunburst of relief and unspeakable joy filled him. She was even sewing. She sat there, bending over the sewing, her mane of lion-colored hair hanging around her lovely face. Now, all this time Fitzjohn had no sense of danger, merely anxious excitement to act, like a horse straining to go over the jumps. He was extraordinarily lucid.

In the room with Stephanie were three men. Two lolled comfortably in chairs—a rat-eyed boy and a good-looking young man with a cowlick in his black eyebrows. But the third man was frightful-looking.

He was short, powerfully built, and ugly. You could tell his body and legs were hideous under his expensive clothes. He had a well formed large nose and quite regular features on his squat head. But his mouth was the color of raw liver and his lips and nostrils had that stupid but cruel, greedy bovine curl that you see in statues of Assyrians. His eyes were as dull as a sick chicken's and so muddy you could hardly tell the brown part from the white.

This man walked around the room in a bored way, kicking a fallen sheet of pink newspaper out of his way, and picking and sucking his teeth. The other men did not like him—invisibly shrank from him and tried to make themselves believe they were not afraid of him. Fitzjohn could see all that.

"Mr. Hillhouse, your dumb secretary was not responsible for that last wrong shipment!"

It was a large many-sided room with ceilings at least twelve feet high. In an alcove there was a huge bed with a high walnut headboard. There were two doors in the room. A heavy arched one opened to the hall beyond. The other door led to a large old-fashioned bathroom. Fitzjohn could see just a part of a pink marble washstand with its twisted brass leg.

The big room had pink wallpaper and was old-fashioned and comfortable and opulent. It was full of ormolu tables, bureaus with heavy mirrors, wicker chairs, sofas. Fitzjohn thought that it was a queer hide-out for a kidnaping. This alternately cheered him up and made him feel anxious, as though the bottom of his stomach had dropped away.

The good-looking young man with the cowlick in his eyebrow had his coat off, and it was this coat that Stephanie was sewing on. She was busily and inexpertly poking in and out with her needle at a button. Her face was flushed but she seemed collected. The two men sat and looked at her with relaxed sociable expressions and they were all conversing, though it was a murmuring blur and Fitzjohn could not distinguish what was said.

Just as he was considering what to do next, the terrible-looking man with the bovine nostrils left the room. At once the talk became freer.

"Now, Settembrini," Stephanie said to the handsome man with the cowlick in his black brows, "any one can see from that galoot that you are all gangsters. What did you say his name was?"

"Arenson."

"No, I mean his other name."

"Max."

"No, I mean the name you call him—his pet name. Is it 'Butch'? I knew a fullback at our state university named 'Butch,' but he wasn't quite the same thing. What do you call him?"

"Slob?"

"Slob, of course! Max 'Slob' Arenson. That proves it. You know he is a gunman, Settembrini, and so are you."

"Gunmen? You're crazy!"

She gave him a shrewd good-natured look.

"Do you think I am stupid? Don't you think I know what kidnaping is? And the penalties for it? Don't you think I ever read a newspaper?"

Neither spoke.

"I am a reformed smoker," Stephanie said, "but this is tiresome waiting. Have you a cigarette?"

Settembrini fumbled in his pockets hurriedly, and the rat-eyed boy went through the same motions as though racing with him. But Settembrini's package got to her first.

"You know what we should do?" Stephanie said. "The three of us? We should sneak out of here, down the drainpipe. I can chin myself. Then we'll hire a car. I have twenty dollars, unless Slob has taken it. I will telephone my Aunt Edna and Uncle Newt to meet us in Newark with their car, and then we'll spend the week-end at their place. There's no pool table or nickel piano, but you'll love it: breakfast in bed and Manet paintings. Then, my Uncle Newt will give you both jobs in the telephone company."

Both men smiled uneasily.

"Well, I am joking, but you know very well I mean it."

The two men glanced at each other, and Settembrini stared uncomfortably at the floor and Stephanie sighed and looked tired.

"Settembrini, do you know that you have the same name as an Italian patriot in the time of Garibaldi?"

"Sure, I know about him. He was related, all right."

"Oh, Lordy," Stephanie sighed. "I wish I knew what we were waiting for."

"Well, don't tell Arenson I told you, see—but we're waiting for a big shot."

"Who is he?"

Settembrini shook his head dumbly.

"Where is he, then?" said Stephanie. "It's after midnight."

"The roads are bad. He's driving up from Pittsburgh." A wish to reassure her came into Settembrini's face. "Aw, I wouldn't worry. My idea is, he wants you out of circulation for a couple of days, that's all. Aw, don't worry about it." A look of genuine kindness came into his face. "Gee, I think you're a beautiful-looking girl!"

"Good for you!" cried Stephanie. "I think you're handsome, too. . . . But I hope he comes soon. Are you going to guard me all night in here, in this room?"

"Which would you rather: we go or stay?"

"Gosh, I'd rather be alone."

"O. K., then. Eddie, we'll go, then. We'll get out of here, then. Come on, Eddie. You bet. That's O. K."

"Settembrini," she said, "will you do something? I mean, if you can and it's not too much trouble?"

"Sure."

"Don't let Arenson in here. I don't like him. It's a social strain. You know what I mean."

"Yah," said Settembrini simply. "You lock the door, see. That's what I'd do if I was you, see."

The two men left. Stephanie locked the heavy door.

Well, at once Fitzjohn was filled with wild hope. He thought that all they had to do now was to escape down the porte-cochere pillars and across the lawn.

But just then, below him, two men came out of the house. He had to shrink out of the moonlight into a shadowed angle of the roof. These two men began to wrangle a little.

"Arenson told *you* to do it."

"Well, what if he did? I ain't going to sit out here all night!"

One of the men reluctantly went to the stables, while the other looked after him moodily. A large car was driven out of the barn and came around the drive below Fitzjohn.

"Keep the engine going and you'll keep warm," one man growled plaintively to the other.

"Hell of a thing to stay out here all night! She won't get away!"

Then the other man went into the house. But the one in the car stayed where he was, just below Fitzjohn. The engine was kept softly running.

WHEN everything was quiet, Fitzjohn looked into the room again. Stephanie was now lying on the bed, fully dressed. She had lifted a moving-picture magazine to her chest.

He knocked on the window—two sharp raps.

Well, that Stephanie! He thought she would scream, faint perhaps. But what did she do? She casually swung her feet to the floor, squinted through the dark with narrowed eyes, recognized him, smiled, walked to the French window, unbolted it, opened it, and said:

"Come right in."

Immediately his feelings were hurt by her casualness. He began to make a quick appraisal of the room.

There were two long closets. He studied the lock on the big door. The door to the bathroom could be locked on the outside. He turned out all the lights except the lamp near the bed. It had a dim forty-watt bulb in it. He took off his coat and put it in the closet. He loosened his gun in its holster.

Then he quickly and sternly explained to her all that had happened—about the telegram, about his meeting with Glozeman.

"Why, Johnny!" said Stephanie. "I have hurt your feelings! How? Why? Hold my hand."

"What happened to you?" he said coldly.

"I got to New York Friday evening. I went to the Dolly Madison. But when I telephoned my great-uncle in Brooklyn, what do you think? He had died eight months ago! In July. His housekeeper told me that. She said she had never heard of me. . . . Oh, Johnny, I am *too* glad you came! Naturally."

"Go on."

"In the morning I looked up the lawyers, Black and Black, 50 Wall Street. What do you think? No such firm! I went down to Wall Street to investigate. A man with red-rimmed eyes seemed to be following me. But I thought nothing of it."

"Because you are used to it!" said Fitzjohn bitterly.

"Could that be? . . . Well, that was Saturday. No such lawyers in the building. So I gave it up."

"Some one got you to New York just to kidnap you."

"I suppose so. It seems foolish. . . . Well, late that afternoon I was asked to a tea or cocktail party or hog wallow, as you might call it, to meet that woman critic who is so famous for being so mean. . . . The tea was on East Fifty-first Street, way over by the East River. I was walking there at five o'clock. It was cold and the wind was blowing bits of garbage and cut-glass dirt in my face, and there was an ugly liver-colored sunset behind the Astoria factories, and I was thinking how terrible New York is compared to Star Prairie, when a car drove up to the curb right beside me. Two men got out. They grabbed my elbows and stowed me in the back seat. I didn't yell. It seemed so undignified. They tied a handkerchief over my mouth and eyes. But I told them it was foolish and after a while they believed me. They seemed nervous. But I got acquainted with them: Joe Settembrini and Eddie Hogan. We came up here. It's a long drive, but the general excitement kept it from being tiresome."

"How many are there below?"

"Seven. That counts the butler but not his wife. I haven't seen her. I have heard her yelling. I hope it's animal spirits. . . . I like Settembrini and Eddie, but the others are not prepossessing. And one named Arenson . . . one look at him is enough to make you want to throw stones at your grandmother."

Fitzjohn was sitting forward on the edge of his chair, squeezing her hands and searching her face.

"But aren't you scared, Stephanie?"

"Why, of course I am!" she said in a jolly hearty way. "I am scared to death. Let's climb down the porch. Let's get out of here now."

"How are your shoes?"

"Fine. Only four-inch spike heels."

"I'll carry you."

"Couldn't stand the sentimentality."

"Look out! You'll hurt my feelings again."

"That's right. Excuse me. I'll kick them off. I can make time if they take a few shots at me. Can't we go?"

"Not yet. There are guards below. We are stuck in this room. But that is all right. Unless you object to the sentiment of it."

"I am getting to like it."

"I can defend this room for hours, if there are only seven of them. Like Horatio. If only I can hold them off until dawn . . ."

But can Fitzjohn hold off the gang? And if he fails, what will the thugs do to him and Stephanie? It looks like a battle of life and death in the next few hours for the trapped pair. How they meet their desperate enemies is thrillingly told in next week's Liberty.

20 QUESTIONS

1—He came from France and starred in pictures with Jeanette MacDonald and brightened radio broadcasts, but isn't so popular right now. Who, therefore, beckons in the early photo at the right?

2—How many teeth are in a baby set?

3—The U. S. exports more of what than any other crop?

4—How long should a half-hour radio show run?

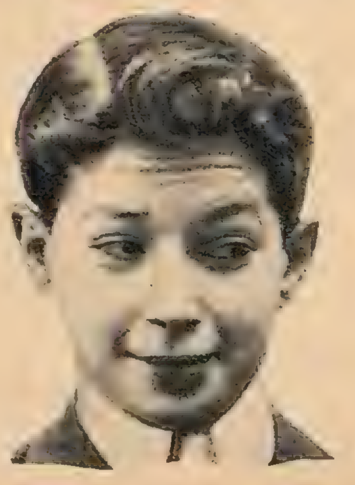
5—What is the name of the Chinese marble checker game now popular?

6—Which of these towns has the greater population, Niagara Falls, Ontario, or Niagara Falls, New York?

7—Who was the last Czar of Russia?

8—Who in the Bible was so thin he could count all his bones?

9—Are rugs or is electricity the cause of more fatal accidents in the home?



10—Vaccination prevents which disease?

11—In which state is East Chicago? East St. Louis?

12—Who composed The Merry Widow and The Count of Luxembourg?

13—Was Rembrandt French, Spanish, German, or Dutch?

14—The Chinese use the stems of which plant in making bridges?

15—Paraguay tea is more briefly called what?

16—Which unit was named after Count Alessandro Volta, Italian physicist?

17—What does a mink do about as well as a skunk?

18—Johannes Gutenberg is credited with the invention of what?

19—Is aluminum a metallic element or an alloy?

20—Who had twenty-seven wives and fifty-six children?

(*Answers will be found on page 48*)

FOOTBALL FRENZY

BY ROBERT H. GRAYSON

A famous Stanford All-America star speaks up challengingly in defense of a much debated and (by some) much maligned game

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

VIRTUALLY every fall or winter some disgruntled and uninformed writer or some obscure person seeking publicity comes out with an attack on football. This "reformer" will pay absolutely no attention to the fact that the boys are enjoying the game and are learning many things which will help them in their careers, or to the fact that gate receipts from football are the lifeblood of practically every college physical education and athletic plant in the country.

I believe it is about time for some one who has played and coached the game to put a few facts and ideas into print.

I know I have been luckier than the average man or boy in football because I have been associated with some of the finest men who ever played or coached. At Jefferson High School in Portland, Oregon, I played under Eric Waldorf. If there is a better teacher or a finer man in high-school football today, I have never met him. Then came big jovial Tiny Thornhill, head coach at Stanford, for whom I played three years of football, and under whom I have been an assistant for two years while continuing my course in Law School.

Tiny has given the game entirely to the boys themselves. He believes that football is a game just like any other—not worth while unless the boys who play have some fun while they are playing. I had the good fortune to play for Tiny in his first year as a head coach. His ideas were put into practice at once, and our team of "Vowing Sophomores," which won the Pacific Coast Championship and represented the West in the Rose Bowl for three successive years, was dubbed "the Laughing Boys" by sports writers and fans the country over.

And defeat never changed Thornhill's attitude in the slightest. He lost almost his entire team at the end of the 1935 season and had to rebuild completely for 1936, but he continued his insistence that if the boys didn't have fun playing, the game wasn't worth while. Strictly from the standpoint of games won and lost, the 1936 season was disastrous; but that gang of boys had just as much fun as we had had in our three winning years. It was my first season as an assistant coach, and I found defeat very hard to take in the beginning, but before the year was far advanced I found that Tiny's attitude was contagious.

Practice is never drudgery at Stanford, for although there is plenty of serious work there is always time for a good laugh. Walk into the practice field any afternoon, and it is probable that you will see Tiny wrestling with one of the big linemen who thinks he is about right to "take the old man." Incidentally, few of them are ever equal to that task.

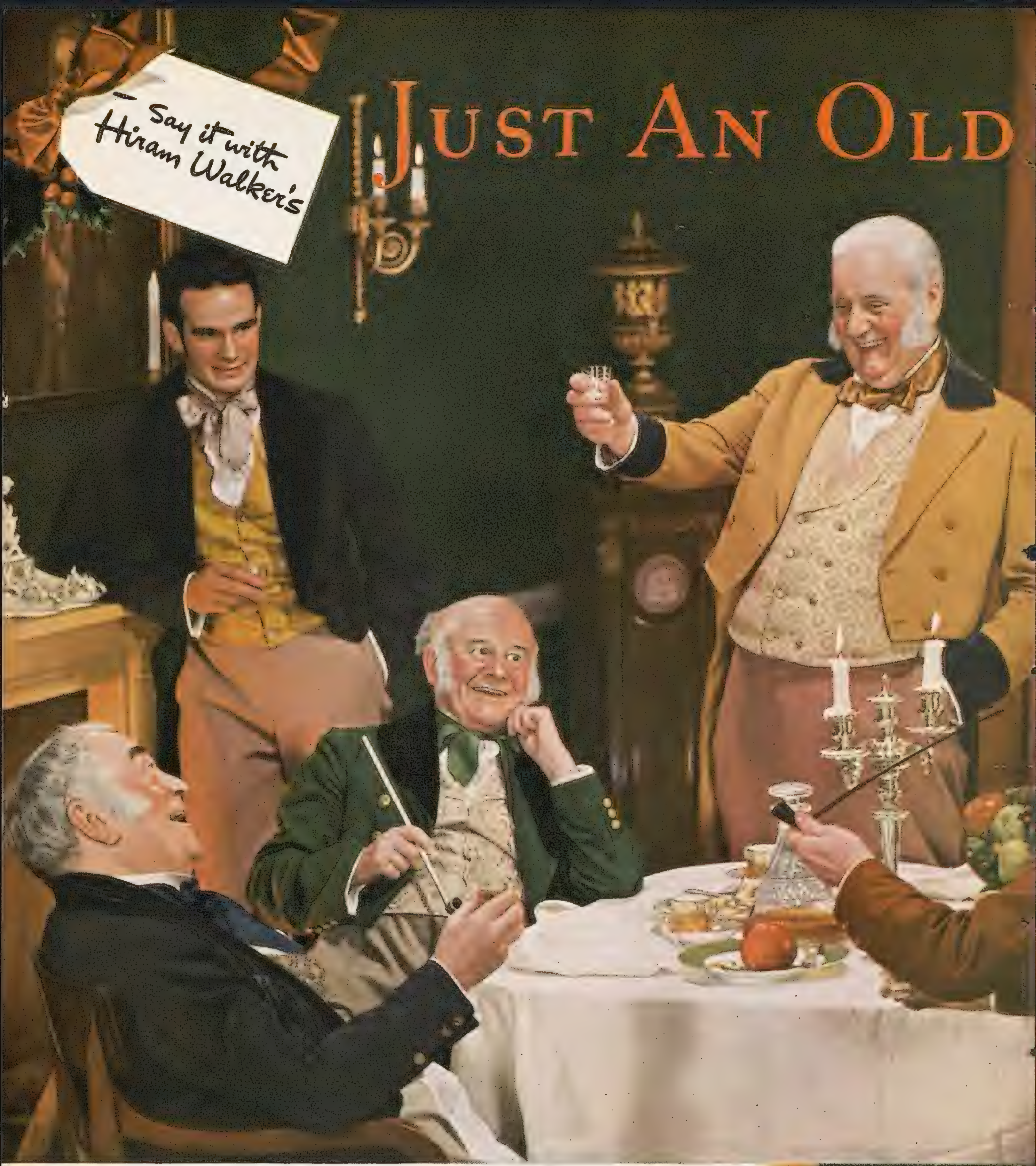
Speaking of wrestling with Tiny reminds me of one of my most embarrassing and terrifying moments. It was in my sophomore year and I was having a terrific time making the regular eleven. The Stanford team was returning from Chicago, where we had tied Northwestern, 0-0, and the train stopped at Winnemucca, Nevada, so the boys could take some limbering-up exercises. I was still stiff and sore from the game, so when the other players started exercising I slipped away quietly and hid behind the depot. Later Tiny spotted me.

"So you didn't get a workout," said he. "Now that's too bad! I'll give you a little private session."

So saying, he grabbed me and we started to wrestle. I didn't have a chance with my 180 pounds against his 240, and was taking a terrible beating, when Keith Topping, one of the ends who was also trying to make the first eleven, decided he'd get into the battle on my side. Top knelt down behind Tiny and gave me the high sign, and I crashed into Thornhill with all the power I could muster in a shoulder block. Tiny had on bedroom slippers with no backs in them, and over he went. The laugh that started was shut off immediately, for he lay perfectly still—he was out cold. Topping just melted away and no one did a thing for a few seconds.

Then I started yelling for the team physician, for I thought Tiny was dead. The doc brought him around all right, but discovered

(Continued on 3d page following)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JUST AN OLD

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(*Continued from 3d page preceding*) that he had dislocated a shoulder. Imagine my relief—but what chance would I have of *ever* making that football team after pulling a stunt like that? I gathered my nerve together and walked up to him.

"I'm sorry, Tiny. Gee, I didn't mean—"

"Aw, forget it," he said. "But don't forget that block you put on me. You'll be able to use that plenty next week against U. S. F."

When the train pulled out, Topping had just disappeared. No one thought much of it for a while; but finally Tiny started through the train, looking for him. Top was located in an upper berth with the curtains pulled.

"Come on out of there; I want to talk to you," Thornhill said to him. Topping told me afterward that he was never so frightened in his life. However, he followed Tiny to the club car, and Tiny motioned him into a seat, still looking plenty tough.

"Now, Topping, I hate to do this, but I have no alternative. There doesn't seem to be another copy on the train. Will you lend me that Wild West magazine when you're through with it?"

He let out a roar of laughter, slapped Topping on the back with his one good arm, and walked out. And that was the end of it.

In ten years of close association with football, eight as a player and two as a coach, I have never known a man or boy who participated to regret his connection with the game. The finest things a boy can derive from football are the associations and lasting friendships made. I never hope to meet a grander group of boys than those with whom I played at Stanford, and from that squad of "Vowing Sophomores" I acquired some of the best friends I ever hope to have. We went through adversity and success, had our ups and downs, and experienced the bitter disappointment of defeat as well as the joy of victory together. Nor do all the valuable associations come from one's own squad.

A boy playing football learns to make his own decisions quickly and under all kinds of circumstances. He must make decisions which may mean the difference between victory and defeat to his team, in a few seconds or even in a fraction of a second sometimes. And bear in mind that a football player's decisions are made with thousands of frantic rooters looking over his shoulder. That experience is invaluable to a boy when he goes out into the business or professional world, for it gives him confidence in his ability to think quickly and clearly under all kinds of circumstances.

FOOTBALL teaches unselfishness, loyalty, co-operation. A player soon learns that, regardless of how good he may be or what the newspapers may say about him, he needs the help of his teammates. As a fullback I soon discovered that I had no chance to advance that ball consistently unless I had some efficient blocking from the other ten boys on the team. There were many unsung heroes on our team, just as there are on nearly every team—boys who blocked out defending players game after game so that some of us could run with the ball.

Football isn't a game which benefits only the stars or the regulars. Many of the boys who work hard in practice all week yet never get into a game get just as much out of their associations and experiences.

Somewhere along the line a boy who hopes to succeed must learn sportsmanship and leadership. I know no better place than on the football field. Sportsmanship means the ability to accept defeat or achieve victory with equally good grace and to assimilate the lessons temporary failure and success teach. Rarely does a football player leave the field after a game without realizing the fundamental reason for the outcome. Although every boy who plays does not have an opportunity to captain his team or to be its field general, every one has a chance to profit by the mistakes of his leader.

If football did nothing more than to bring boys to college who might otherwise have finished their education in high schools, it would still make a great contribution to higher education. It is the deciding factor in sending thousands of boys to universities throughout America every year. Alumni who are interested in the success of their teams make it possible for youngsters of limited means to enter these institutions of higher learning. Maybe football is the boy's only interest at the outset, but in most cases he acquires other interests as he goes along and eventually prepares himself to be a better citizen and to earn a better livelihood.

Many stories have been told of the origin of the sobriquet "Vow Boys," but here are the facts. The Stanford freshman squad in the fall of 1932 included, among others, "Woody" Adams, Frank Alustiza, "Cab" Callaway, Harry Carlson, "Bones" Hamilton, Earl Hoos, "Monk" Moscrip, John Reisner, "Horse" Reynolds, Larry Rouble, Alex Trompas, and myself. Keith Topping, Bob Black, and Wes Muller, who became identified with the Vow Boys the following year, did not compete on our freshman team.

We were sailing along beautifully, having run up scores of from eighteen to sixty-six points, and getting cockier every day. We were sure we could beat the varsity and begged for an opportunity to prove it. Finally "Pop" Warner, who was head coach at the time, called us over to the varsity field. He gave the ball to the varsity and we went on defense. For forty-five minutes our guards and tackles stopped the varsity backs cold; but eventually a long forward pass caught us napping and the big boys scored. Then we took the ball and went to work with a vengeance, pounding out twenty-six yards in three plays, whereupon "Pop" called off the scrimmage and sent us back to our own field. You never saw a more disappointed bunch in your life. We were still convinced that we had the better team.

THE following Saturday, Southern California beat the varsity, 13-0. That started us thinking, for it was the Trojans' fifth straight win over Stanford. The next Monday afternoon, as we were dressing for practice, Frank Alustiza came forth with a big idea.

"We get four cracks at those Trojans," he said. "One next Saturday as freshmen and, later on, three as varsity players. They'll never win from Stanford while we are in the university, and let's shake hands on that."

The idea was loudly acclaimed. We gathered in the middle of the dressing room; all shook hands and solemnly swore that no Stanford football team would lose to Southern California for the next four years. The following Saturday we got away to a great start by trouncing the Trojan freshmen, 33-6. In our sophomore season, 1933, nine of us succeeded in making the varsity, and it's a matter of history that Stanford defeated Southern California, 13-7. Then as juniors we defeated the Trojans again, 16-0. For fifty-nine minutes of the game in our senior year it appeared that we were not to maintain our winning streak; but, with less than a minute to go, Monk Moscrip, one of our two great ends, dropped back and booted a perfect field goal from a difficult angle and we squeezed through, 3-0.

A most comic tragedy occurred in our junior year. Wes Muller, our great center, had arrived on the campus too late for the first morning workout of fall practice. He didn't want the other boys to get ahead of him, and couldn't wait for the afternoon workout, so went out to get a little exercise by himself. He decided to start getting his legs in shape by taking some starts. As he came off his marks for the first time, his feet became entangled and he fell heavily. He got up slowly, with one arm dangling. He had dislocated his shoulder when no one was within a hundred yards of him, and was out of the game for three weeks. He never lived that one down.

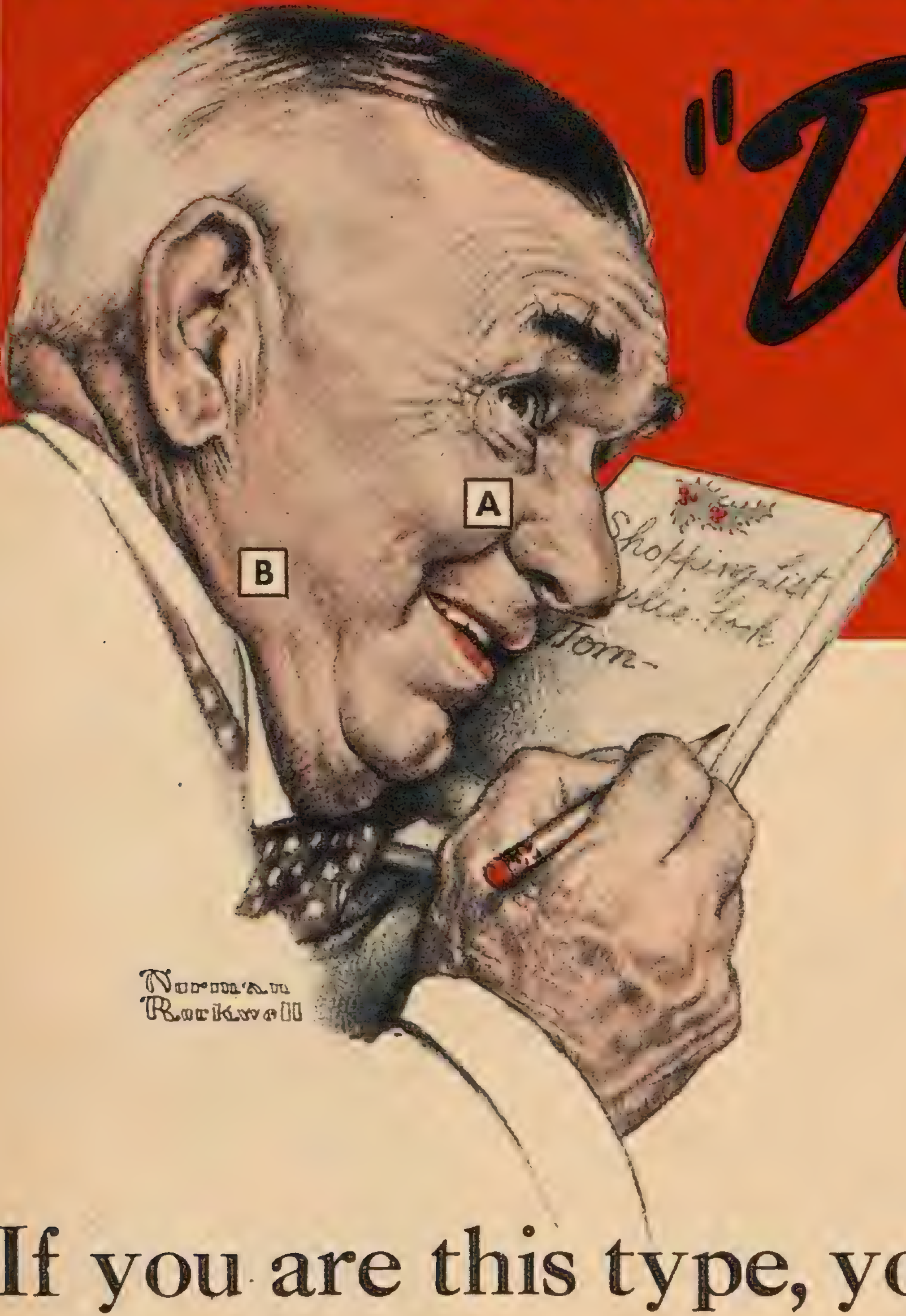
Our victory over Southern Methodist in our final Rose Bowl game was a fitting climax to our football days. Today each of us is using the lessons he learned both on the gridiron and in the classroom to good advantage in either the business or professional world. Every one has a responsible position and is headed toward a successful career.

I have talked with every one of the "Vow Boys" within the last few months, and each has told me that he would not take anything for the experience he gained in four years of football at Stanford University.

THE END

If you are this type you'll like this Bourbon that's

"Double-Rich!"


A
B
Shopping List
Tom-
Norman Rockwell

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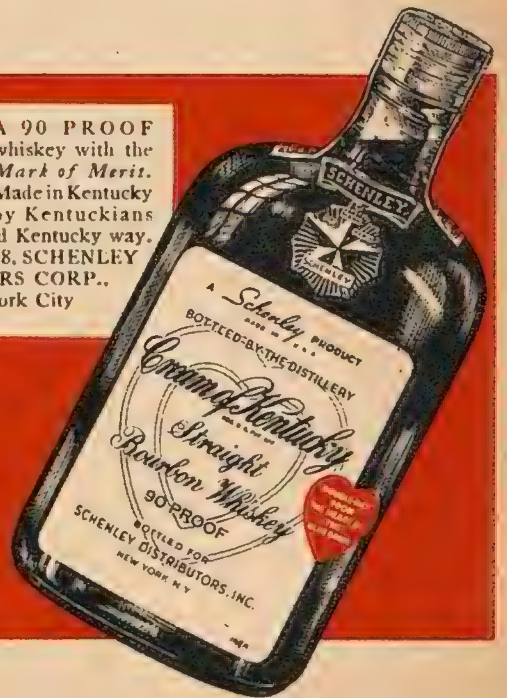
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ROCKABY BRADY

Sudden, grim peril brings terror into a strange and stirring tale of love and a fighter's courage

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY T. FISK

READING TIME
21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ROCKABY BRADY, a prizefighter with a bad lung, and his trainer, Mushroom Mike O'Leary, rescue a girl of eleven or twelve from two gunmen on the desert near the Mexican border. The child says her name is Virginia Sutton, but at the nearest town a policeman thinks she is Hilda Clavering, a kidnaped movie star, and holds the three. When Virginia tells the captain she is Rocky's daughter, he releases them.

Philip St. Albans, a ventriloquist they meet in the jail, takes them to his boardinghouse, which is run by Judith Ware, with whom Rocky promptly falls in love. There they meet St. Albans' girl, Pixie Taylor, who sells cigarettes at the Mariposa Café across the border. Pixie seems overinterested in Virginia, and from that and a chance remark she makes, Rocky suspects that she knows something of the child and of the crooks who were holding her. His suspicion is confirmed when one night Pixie tries to steal Virginia's doll. She fails, however, because Virginia has dressed St. Albans' dummy in the doll's clothes, and Pixie takes the dummy by mistake.

Rocky meets his ex-manager, Ryan, at the Mariposa Café, where he goes to arrange final details of a fight which the manager of the café, Fallow, is promoting between him and a Mexican. Ryan has framed Rocky and stolen his girl, and Rocky drags him back to the boardinghouse and keeps him there, hiding his clothes so he can't leave. Soon after they arrive an ambulance drives up with Pixie in it. She has been found on the border, badly beaten. When Rocky goes in to see her, she shrinks from him. Judith, believing that he is responsible for Pixie's bruises, is incensed.

PART FIVE—THE ENEMY STRIKES

IT'S late that night when Duffy Ryan wakes up and squawks for his pants.

Mush and the brat is playing checkers. I'm reading the sport sheet, about how Gonzalez is going to left me to death, how I'm always a sucker for a left, and how, just the same, I'm the two-to-one favorite.

Judith is in Pixie's room, and I hear her start into my room to see who's bellering his head off.

"Ix-nay," I says. "Don't go in there. The guy ain't got no pants. Where did I put them pants, brat?"

The brat's got them, wrapped around her doll. She gives them to me, and I streak up the stairs with them.

"What kind of a joint is this?" Duffy says when he seen me.

"This joint ain't a joint," I says. "Here's your pants. Climb into them."

"Ooh, my head!" he says. "Who was we fighting last night, Rocky?"

"That ain't a head," I says. "It's a hang-over. You tried to clip Egbert. But he beat you to the punch."

Duffy sits down and pulls on his pants.

"I got it now," he says. "I come here looking for you, Rocky. That's how come I bump into Fallow."

"I ain't interested," I says.

"Then why'd you bring me here? You did bring me here, didn't you? Ain't this your hide-out?"

"Go comb your hair," I says. "You're my hole card."

He kind of brightens up at that.

"An ace in the hole," he says. "I always was. I was sore when I give you back that contract, Rocky. All on account of that dame. Forget it."

"You ain't no ace," I says. "You're just a deuce. But in this game the deuces is wild. And I'm drawing to a pair."

When he's pretty enough for a girl like Judith to take a look at without throwing a fit, I bring him into Pixie's room.

"Judith," I says, "this is Duffy Ryan, my ex-manager."

Duffy says, "Pleased to meet you," and wilts on a chair near Pixie's bed.

"And this is Philip St. Albans," I says. "And now, Duffy, who beat up that dame in Rosario, Donna Sully?"

"What is this?" he says. "The third degree?"

"Huh," I says, "you ain't even got the first degree yet. Speak up. Who done it?"

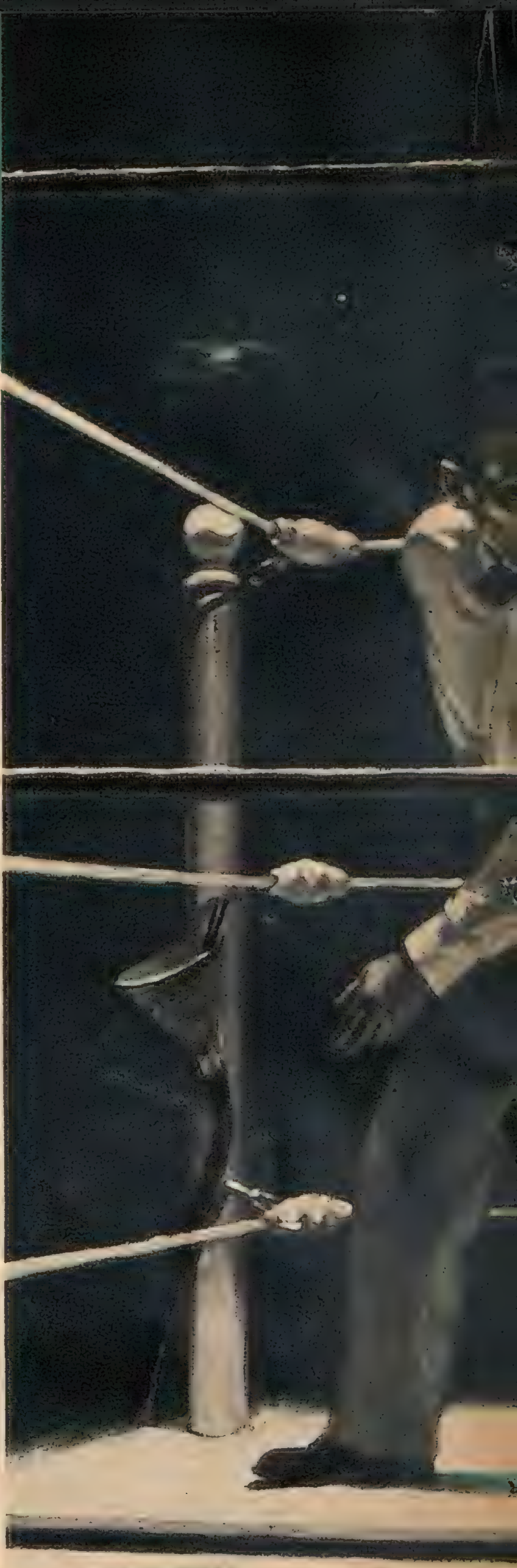
Duffy kind of squirms.

"Aw," he says, "I didn't mean nothing. I just slapped her one, and before you know it she's trying to scratch my eyes out. I had to do it, Rocky. I had to."

"Yeah?" I says. "And who told the newspaper guys I done it?"

"I'll come clean," Duffy says. "I was in a tight spot, Rocky. I knew you could spring an alibi. There was cops there, Rocky. And so I told them you done it."

His hands keep fumbling around like they're lost and don't know the way back home. Finally he blurts out:

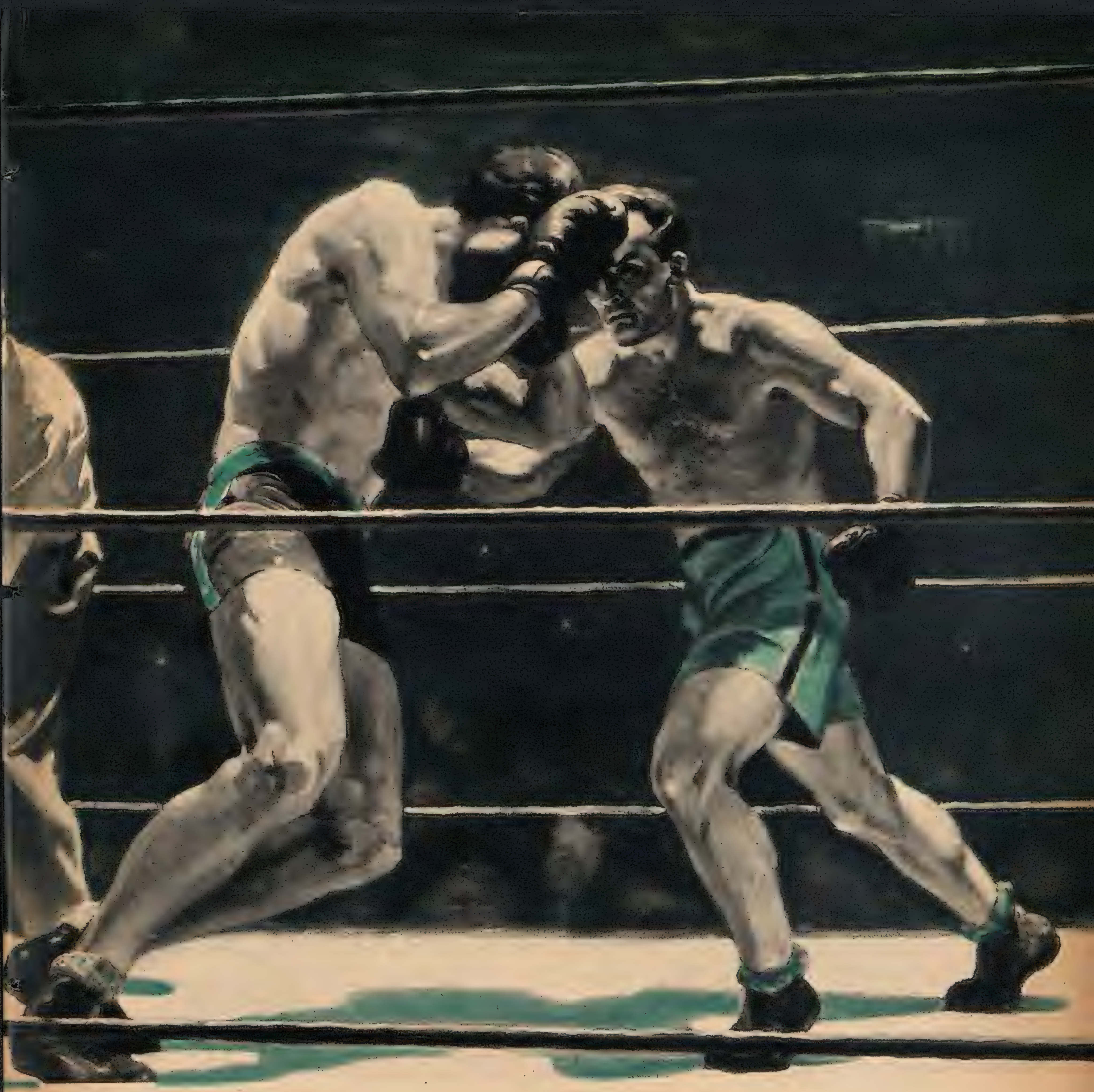


I covered up, but a little too late.

"Listen, Rocky. Let bygones be bygones. I need you. I'm busted. I got to get a chunk of this fight. And you need me. You could have got two grand out of Fallow, if I was there. You could have got a ten-round fight, and any referee you wanted. And what did you do? You gypped yourself. You framed yourself."

Just then Mush and the brat come in, Mush kind of hanging back, like he didn't want no part of Duffy Ryan. The brat was curious.

"Is that your hole card, daddy?" she says.



He showered punches on me. He hit me with everything he had. I laughed right out loud. "Oh," he says. "Grandstand stuff!"

Duffy looks at the brat and then he looks at me.

"Daddy?" he says. "You used to pick 'em a little riper, Rockaby."

"The back of my hand to you, Duffy Ryan," Mush says. "And you'll apologize to the lassie this minute, or there'll be a murder here and now."

"My kid," I says.

"Your kid?" Duffy says, still eying the brat. "You ain't old enough to have a kid that big. You never had a kid. You ain't fooling me. That's the Clavering kid."

He gets up, a little unsteady on his pins.

"And I'm in for a piece of her," he says, "or else!"

"I'm not the Clavering kid," the brat speaks up. "And I can prove it. And Rocky *is* my daddy. My stepdaddy. I can prove that too. And nobody's going to get any piece of me. Especially you, Mr. Hole Card. And my daddy's going to clip you. Aren't you, daddy?"

"I don't clip insects," I says.

"No," Judith says. "And you shouldn't have brought him in here. You're disturbing my patient. You'll have to go now. All of you."

"We're going," I says.

But Duffy's stubborn. He wants to show off.

"Not yet," he says. "Not until I get one thing settled. I'm your manager again, Rocky."

"Beat it," I says, "before I forget you're an insect."

"You need me if you're going to fight Fallow's boy tomorrow night. You don't want him to know you only got one lung."

"Mush," I says, "show the gentleman out."

"No, Rocky," Mush says. "Can't we keep him on ice until Saturday night? Sure, Rocky, it's straight to

Fallow he'll be going, to tell him you're dying of t. b."

"Let him go," I says.

Duffy went out without another word, sort of cringing as he passed O'Leary. He never did like Mush.

"T. b.," Judith said. "Is it true, Rocky?"

"Just a figure of speech," I says.

"No," the brat says, "it's true. I know it now. That's why he wouldn't carry me the other day. He's sick. Dying. And he's going to fight."

"Ix-nay!" I says. "Ix-nay. Pipe down, everybody. It'll be a short fight. I knocked him out once in the first round. And I can do it again, one lung or no lung."

"Then it is true," Judith said.

"I was able to hike thirty miles through the desert," I says, "me and Mush. What's a little fight?"

"We was coming here to go in the sanatorium," Mush says. "Sure, what's a little fight? You only live once."

The brat starts crying at the top of her lungs, and Pixie almost wakes up. She's been in a coma for hours, but the brat never thinks about that.

"No, no, no!" she screams. "You mustn't fight now, daddy. He'll kill you. You're doing this for me. To get money for me. I don't need money, daddy. Let me starve with you. I'm nothing. I'm nobody. I lied when I said I lived in Seattle. I never saw Seattle. I haven't any daddy—any real daddy. I never had a mother. I'm just an orphan. You don't have to fight for me."

"Pipe down," I says, "and let's clear out of here. And I ain't fighting Gonzalez for you. I'm doing it for a grand, so I can work my way through the sanatorium without selling papers or shining shoes."

ST. ALBANS takes the brat in his arms.

"Don't cry," he says. "You ought to be proud of him." He turns to me and says, "I'm sorry, Mr. Brady. I apologize again."

"Me too," I says. "I didn't want to clip you. I had to."

"Put the child down," Judith says to him. "Stay here with Pixie. I must get dinner."

She walks beside me down the steps.

"I apologize too," she says.

"Ix-nay," I said, and found her hand and pressed it. Gee!

She stopped and looked up at me, and I seen her eyes was wet.

"I'll be on my knees to you all my life," she says. "All my life."

"Sure, Rocky," Mush says. "Down on her knees. Scrubbing the floors, Rocky. And bending over the oven to see is the steak done, and it broiling like music. All her life. And me that hungry it's a sin."

"I can't stand it!" the brat screamed. "Daddy's dying, and you talk about food!"

"Break it up," I says. "Look at Judy. She ain't crying. Are you, Judy?"

"Only inside," she says. "Only inside." And she breaks away from me and hurries down the stairs.

Nobody makes any more cracks that night. Not until after I heard the brat's prayers and kissed her good night. I woke up and heard her sobbing. I tiptoed in and held her in my arms a minute.

"I didn't mean to wake you," she says. "I *am* a brat. But oh, I love you, daddy. I love you so!"

"Go to sleep," I says.

"I wish I was big and you was little," she says. "I wish I could rock you to sleep, Rockaby. I wish I could."

"Listen, brat," I says. "Tell me the truth now. Are you the Clavering kid or ain't you?"

"I ain't," she says, pressing her hot little cheek against mine and getting it wet. "I swear not. I swear it. Cross my heart."

"Don't swear," I says. "I'll take your word."

That sort of busts her up again, but only for a minute.

"Don't fight Gonzalez," she says. "Please don't fight Gonzalez. Let's go away. Tomorrow morning. You and me and Mush. And Judith too. If you really want her."

"Run from a fight?" I says. "Not me."

She's all right until just before the fight. She stays outside my dressing room with Mush while I'm getting into my things. Mush and three hard-boiled cops. I changed my mind at the last minute, since I got to have Mush in my corner. So I get the cops to sit with the brat. And you know the cops I picked? Sure. The captain, and the cops me and Mush clipped. Judith and St. Albans is home, taking care of Pixie. I got to have these guys to take care of the brat.

As I says, she was outside my dressing room with Mush and the cops, and when I'm decent, I sings out, and she comes running in with her gang.

"Sure, Rocky," Mush says, "it's a fine house. And every seat sold out. And the lassie that fidgety it'd take more than me and the whole Santa Martina police department to hold her down."

"I was worried," the brat says. "Can I help it if I worry? Leave me alone with him, Mush. Just for a minute."

"Sure, lassie," Mush says. "But don't be tearing out his heartstrings now. A man going in to battle wants cheering. We'll leave you alone, but only for a minute now."

"Thanks," the brat says, and looks at my taped hands until the gang clears out.

"I ain't going to cry, daddy," she says. "I only come to say a prayer for you."

She flings herself down on her marrowbones, bends her head, holds her hands together, and rattles off the Our Father like she knew it all her life, the little devil. She'd made a monkey out of me, making me learn her her prayers. But I wasn't sore.

"And God bless daddy," she says, "and don't let him get hurt. Amen."

She looks up, and her face is pinched and white, and she's biting her lip to keep from bawling.

"Don't take it so hard, brat," I says.

I took her on my lap, and tried to think of a story to tell her, a funny story to make her smile. But I can't think of none. None a guy could tell a little girl.

"I'll box him, brat," I says, kind of coaxing. "I won't let him put a glove on me. I'll wait for an opening and bop him."

But it didn't work. She bumped her head on my chest and bawled.

"Well," I says, "maybe it's better than crying inside. Cry all you want, brat. It'll soon be over. I'll bop him. And then I'll go to the hospital. And when I come out, you and me—"

"You and me and Mush," she says, "and Judith."

And she smiles and gives me a kiss and beats it.

MUSH comes in and puts my gloves on me. And we go out. One of the cops has the brat in his arms. The captain is holding her doll. The other cop is talking to her.

"Don't be afraid," he says. "Your daddy knocked me cold with one punch. Nobody else ever done that. So what'll he do to Gonzalez!"

"Thanks, officer," I says. "You're O. K. But keep your eye on her. There's something screwy around here. If any guy even looks at her, smack him."

"Smack him?" the cop says. "I'll knock his brains out."

Me and Mush went up a passageway, the gang following us. In another minute we're in the ring, and everybody's giving us the razzberry and telling me maybe I can wallop a dame but I can't flatten no fighter like Gonzalez. Even the guys betting their money on me is flinging insults.

"Bad luck to every mother's son of them," Mush says. "Ah, but fighting would be the fine clean game if it wasn't for the fans."

I flopped on my stool like I was all in, and when I seen Gonzalez coming, and seen him looking my way, I pretended I was coughing up what little lungs I got.

He knows I got a bum lung. Duffy Ryan must have told him that. And he's going to pound it all night, if I'm standing up all night, if he knows which lung it is.

He danced around and waved his arms. And he thrun kisses, like an opera star. He gets a hand, and he loves it. I look down at the brat and give her a wink.

She's sitting bolt upright with her doll, in the new dress Judith bought for it. Scared stiff.

Gonzalez comes rushing out with the bell. Me, it looks like it's all I can do to stand up. But I stall him off and go into a clinch at the first opportunity.

"Easy, easy," I says. "I got a bum lung, Eugenio. I'm fighting because I need the jack. Give me a break."

"Which lung?" he says, not promising nothing.

"I'll come clean," I says. "The left one." But I says it in such a way he'll think I'm lying, trying to get him to lay off the right lung.

The referee breaks us, and Eugenio grins at me. Not nasty. Just like he knows something. A swell joke.

I give him an opening, and sure enough he wallops the right lung; and I steps back like I'm hurt bad.

"You shouldn't have lied to me," he says.

"O. K.," I says. "If that's how you feel."

I box him, like I promise. And, outside that one time, he never touches me. Just before the bell I swung one in his lunch. And he don't like it.

"Oh," I says, "excuse my left."

I'm all in when I sit down. And I ain't fooling either. And the rosin dust and the smoke is killing me.

"Sure," Mush says, when I tell him that, "but you're sweating pretty. Don't box him no more. Clout him. You ain't lost your punch, Rocky."

I COULDN'T keep away from him in the second. He come barging into me before I could get out of my corner and pasted me half a dozen times on the right lung. I uppercut him, but I wasn't set right. It didn't do no good. So I went into a clinch.

"You don't have to take it," Gonzalez says. "Take a dive, Rocky."

"Just for that," I says, "I'll murder you, Eugenio."

He laughs and steps back, and combs his hair with his glove. And he hangs one on my chin with his left before I know what's coming.

I covered up, but a little too late. He showered punches on me. He hit me with everything he had, and then beat a tattoo on my right lung. And I laughed right out loud. I couldn't help that either.

"Oh," he says. "Grandstand stuff! You can take it, can you?"

I jabbed him in the lunch and laughed again.

"You think you're getting my goat?" he says.

"I got it," I says, and clipped him. Hard. Right on the button.

And nothing happens. Nothing. Nothing but the bell.

"You ain't lost your punch," Mush says, working over me. "You give him your Sunday punch. And he took it like it was the middle of the week. Sure. But you're tired, Rocky. Box him. Get some rest. Then give him that Sunday punch again."

"O. K.," I says. "I'll box him."

I start out to box him in the third, and he smacks a left into my left lung that like to tore me apart. That's all I remember of that round. And the fourth. And the fifth. And the sixth.

Man, I liked to died with the pain

Mr. Macfadden poses with a group of children

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in my chest and the buzzing in my head. And my legs felt like they was made of spaghetti. I didn't know nothing. I couldn't see nothing. There was nothing but fog in that ring and a guy whaling me, and a couple of thousand guys outside the ring shouting their heads off.

All of a sudden, in the seventh, I come out of the fog for a minute, and I see Gonzalez plain. Only I don't make him. His eye's cut. His right eye. And dripping blood. His mouth's cut. And his nose is swole.

"I see you been in a scrap," I says.

"You're pretty good, too, for a has-been," he says. I don't know who he is until he starts combing his hair with his glove. Then I swing one in his lunch, and he blazes away again. The fog comes back, but not so heavy. And there was the bell.

"What round?" I says.

"Eighth round coming up," Mush says. "You got him, Rocky. He et too much. You give him indigestion."

"I been away," I says.

"Sure, Rocky," he says. "I seen it, Rocky. Take it easy now. Coast. Wait him out. Box him again. And clip him. Right on the button. The Sunday punch, Rocky. He can't take it again."

I can't hardly get up off the stool for the eighth. But I can stand up and box. And I see something. Gonzalez is tired. Almost as tired as I am. And his right eye's almost shut tight.

I'm boxing him pretty. And then I ain't boxing him at all. I'm on the floor. I'm sick, and spitting a stream of blood, and I don't feel like getting up. And my head's ringing. And I hear guys yelling at me. And I hear some one counting.

"Seven," the guy says, and I know what it's all about.

"Eight," he says, and I wait for him to say nine. And I'm up, and Gonzalez is rushing me. He's wide open. And I clip him. I clip him hard.

And then I'm sitting on the stool again, and Mush is saying, "Arrah, he felt that one, Rocky. He thought it was an earthquake in his old home town. He quit working after that one. He knew it was Sunday then, Rocky."

"Did I win?" I says.

"Not yet, Rocky," Mush says. "You knocked him down, though, and the referee counting nine over him, and everybody rooting for him to stay down. St. Michael, St. Patrick, and Rockaby himself! The crowd's in love with you, Rocky. It's the great hero you are."

"What round?" I says.

"The eleventh coming up," he says.

THAT was screwy. I nailed him in the eighth, and this is the tenth Mush is talking about. And while he's still talking, and rubbing and sponging me, I hear the buzzer. And then the bell.

It ain't no fog now. It's just dark. I can't see Gonzalez, and sometimes I can't find him with my dukes. And sometimes I can't even hear him grunting. And I can't hardly move around. And I can't hardly bring up my dukes. And I can't hardly stand the pain.

"Fight!" I says. "Come on and fight."

He don't say nothing, just smashes that bum lung again. I struck out blind. To end the pain. Blind and hard, with both hands. And something dropped, but it wasn't me.

No, it wasn't me. I was hanging on to the ropes, and Mush had an arm around me and somebody was lifting up my right arm.

Then the rope slips out of my left mitt and I'm dead.

I'm dead and laying on a slab in the morgue, and Mushroom Mike O'Leary is bending over me, rubbing something on my nose, something that smarts and stings. I see him. And I know him. And I know the little girl at his side, the kid with the big doll.

"Well," I says, "I done the best I could, Mush."

"Sure, it's half dead you are, Rocky," Mush says. "You're right. You done the best you could, Rocky. You murdered him. He ain't come to yet, Rocky. No man could do more."

"I win?" I says.

"You won, daddy," the brat says.

I manage to sit up after a time, and I see the cops.

"I never saw the beat of it," one of them says. "He knocked you down half a hundred times," the captain says, "but you kept coming back for more. Won't nothing kill you, man?"

"Yes," the brat says. "His lung. Can't you get an ambulance for him? Can't we take him to the sanatorium before he does die?"

"Right away," the captain says. And all three of them ducked out.

"I got nine hundred bucks coming to me, Mush," I says. "Get it. Find Fallow and get it. And stay in the brat's corner."

"Sure, Rocky," he says. "You're right, Rocky."

"Right," says a guy standing in the doorway. A guy with a gun. "Just stay where you are," he says, "and don't make no noise."

He eases away from the door, and two other guys breeze in. They got guns too. And one of them is the redhead.

The redhead looks at the brat.

"Well, look who's here," he says. "And she brought her dolly. Now, ain't that nice?"

The brat throws herself on me. "Daddy," she says. "Oh, daddy, daddy, what have I done to you?"

Mush takes it calm, keeping his hands in the air.

"Can you get up?" the redhead says to me. "Or do we have to carry you?"

"I don't know," I says. "I been getting up all night."

"I'll say you have," the redhead says. "You're a game guy, Rockaby. Too bad you got to croak."

"Oh," I says, "the docs'll fix me up. A lung ain't nothing."

I KNEW what he meant, but I thought maybe the brat didn't.

I patted the brat's shoulders, and she clung tight to me.

"Don't you see he's sick?" she says.

"And going to be sicker," the redhead says. "Get up off him. Let him get up. We ain't got all day. Them cops'll be coming back any minute. Come on. Move."

The brat moved and I got up.

And then somebody hammered on the door.

"Mr. Brady!" he says. "Can I come in?"

"Sure," the redhead says, covering the doorway with his gun. "Come in."

It's St. Albans. So excited he don't see the gats as he comes in.

"Pixie!" he yells. "She's all right again, Mr. Brady. She's going to recover. And she's told us everything."

"Oh," the redhead says, "she has? I knew I should of slit her throat. And who are you?"

St. Albans turned pale and began to stammer. He seen the rods now. He shook like a fan dancer.

"The boy friend," one of the other gun guys pipes up.

"All right now, everybody," the redhead says, motioning us toward the door with his gun. "We're all going out and get in a car. Put his bathrobe on him, you, Mushy, or whatever your name is. Help him. You're his pal, ain't you? And if anybody cracks wise, you tell 'em we're going to a hospital. Get that?"

"Sure," Mush says. "We're going to a hospital. And the sooner we get there, I say, the better for Rockaby Brady."

"Good," the redhead says. "And don't forget it."

One of the guys oozes out and looks around.

"O. K.," he says.

"Move," the redhead says.

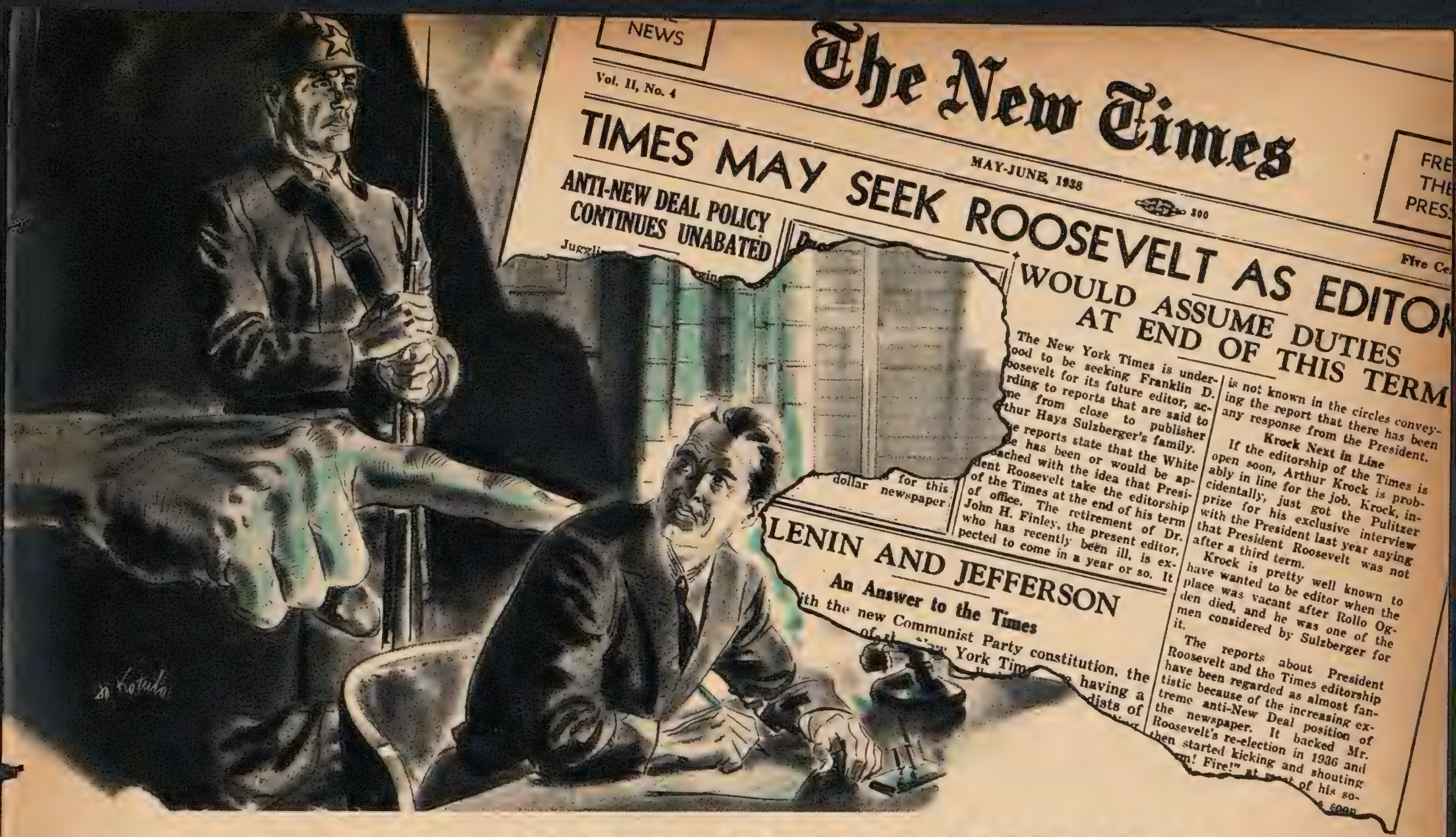
Me and the brat and Mush moved first. And it was all I could do to move. St. Albans come after us. Then the redhead and the other guy. Nobody seen us. We got in a car standing near a back entrance to the casino. The gun guys got in after us.

"All right," the redhead said to the driver. "Let's go."

Just as we turned the corner I heard something like the wail of an ambulance.

"Step on the gas," the redhead said. And I passed out for a time.

A wild ride through the night, a lonely house across the border, a glimpse of the face of murder—and then—The thrilling final installment is packed with suspense and sensational surprises. Read it in next week's Liberty!


NEWS
The New Times
Vol. II, No. 4
MAY-JUNE, 1938
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PRES
TIMES MAY SEEK ROOSEVELT AS EDITO
ANTI-NEW DEAL POLICY CONTINUES UNABATED
Juggli
WOULD ASSUME DUTIES AT END OF THIS TERM
The New York Times is understood to be seeking Franklin D. Roosevelt for its future editor, according to reports that are said to come from close to publisher Arthur Hays Sulzberger's family.
The reports state that the White House has been or would be approached with the idea that President Roosevelt take the editorship of the Times at the end of his term of office. The retirement of Dr. John H. Finley, the present editor, who has recently been ill, is expected to come in a year or so. It
is not known in the circles conveying the report that there has been any response from the President.
Krock Next in Line
If the editorship of the Times is open soon, Arthur Krock is probably in line for the job. Krock, incidentally, just got the Pulitzer prize for his exclusive interview with the President last year saying that President Roosevelt was not after a third term.
Krock is pretty well known to have wanted to be editor when the place was vacant after Rollo Ogden died, and he was one of the men considered by Sulzberger for it.
The reports about President Roosevelt and the Times editorship have been regarded as almost fantistic because of the increasing extreme anti-New Deal position of the newspaper. It backed Mr. Roosevelt's re-election in 1936 and then started kicking and shouting
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LENIN AND JEFFERSON
An Answer to the Times
ith the new Communist Party constitution, the
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WHAT THE DIES COMMITTEE *Overlooked*

From the inside—a startling exposé of Communist activities in the U. S. A.

BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART TWO—DANCING WITH DEATH

THE plague has long devastated the country. But Prince Prospero, believing himself safe in his doubly barred castle, entertains the court with a fancy-dress ball. All the dancers are masked. Suddenly a red mask joins the frolic, and one by one the masqueraders fall down and die. Unwittingly they have made merry with the Pest.

It is easy to read a parable into the plot of Poe's tale, in the light of a succession of Congressional investigations from Hamilton Fish to Martin Dies, and of my own observations. We in America believed ourselves isolated from the plague of Communism. We were not alarmed when the ominous specter in the red mask appeared. Little did schoolteachers, politicians, pacifists, students, clergymen, labor leaders, writers and artists, who welcomed the newcomer, realize that they were dancing with Death. Communism may be the next phase of evolution, but it means death to the civilization we cherish.

If Communism, like Poe's apparition, always wore a red mask, it would be easy to shun it. Unfortunately, it comes in a thousand different disguises and colors, pink preferred. The American Legion, in its catalogue of alien Isms and their active sympathizers, lists hundreds of interlocking Communist organizations which, under some camouflage, attempt to seduce employed and unemployed, young and old, educated and uneducated, especially unwary idealists in every field of endeavor. They appeal to our sympathies under the pretext of "peace," "democracy," "civil liberties." Their moniker is innocent, their patter beguiling, white on the outside, Red to the core within. They sometimes borrow the names or initials of reputable organizations. When a radical columnist refers to the "D. A. R.," it is difficult for the uninitiate to know that he means the "Descendants of the American Revolution," not the "Daughters of the American Revolution." Nor is it always possible to recognize at a glance that this Woman's Club or that Scientific Debating Society, this Farmers' Union or that Student Organization, is only a stalking-horse of Communism.

It is not always easy to foretell the reactions of the Communists to current events unless one watches the weathercock on the Kremlin. The heart of Communism weeps (like most of us) for Catholics in Germany, but it sheds no tears for those in Mexico or Spain. Communism condemns (like all of us) the persecution of the Jews in Germany and, more lately, in Italy, but it fails to disclose that the masters of Russia, who brag of being "godless," are as hostile to the Synagogue as they are to the Church. Mr. Browder "extends the hand of brotherly co-operation to Catholics" and approvingly quotes some passages from the encyclicals of the Pope. That is in accordance with precedent. The Prince of Darkness has been known to quote Scripture. But Mr. Browder does not tell his Catholic hearers that no person avowing belief in any religion can be a member of the Communist Party. He also fails to mention the order of April 13, 1938, instructing all Communist units in the United States to concentrate their efforts against the Catholic Church as the best organized and bitterest enemy of Communism.

I wonder if Mr. Browder and the Communist agents who invade the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. carry with them the notorious booklet, sold at the headquarters of the Communist Party in New York City, which lets the cat out of the bag. To reproduce only one passage: " We must convince the masses that Communism and Religion cannot go together; that it is not possible to be a Communist and at the same time believe in devils or Gods, in heavenly creatures, in the Virgin Mary, in the Saints. . . . It is impossible to be a Communist-Leninist and at the same time go to church, listen to the lies of the priests, and take part in the performance of religious rites; that is, give support to the religious hocus-pocus. . . ."

Casting their nets in every direction, the Reds artfully attempt to create the impression that the Masons are among their friends. The fraternal department of the Sunday Worker—official organ of the Communist Party—reproduces the mastheads of the American Legion, the Moose, the Shriners, the Masons, the Woodmen, the Odd Fellows, etc., etc. The Communists adroitly garble statements from Masonic journals to create the impression that they are working hand and glove with that organization. I have before me letters from high officials of several important Masonic organizations indignantly denying the slightest sympathy or connection with Communism. Undeterred by such repudiations, the Communists continue their efforts to implicate Jews, Catholics, Masons, and other groups of well intentioned and law-abiding citizens in their ideologies and conspiracies.

The arm of the Red International reaches across the seven seas. In Mexico, Trotsky trembles for his life before Stalin's assassins. In the United States, suspected Trotskyites are persecuted by Communist supervisors of the WPA. According to a report submitted to the State Department by William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, Communist insolence demands exterritorial rights for its secret service. Offenders against orders issued by Moscow are tried and punished even after they have found a haven under the Stars and Stripes. The Ogpu passes death sentences upon those who have incurred its displeasure, wherever they may be. It has inflicted the death penalty, not only in France, but in the United States. The testimony of at least two witnesses, avers Mr. Green, corroborates this statement.

Early in August of 1931, Mr. George Djamgaroff occupied the witness stand in a federal court in Washington, D. C. He testified that he was under sentence to be shot; that the sentence had been imposed by the secret tribunal of the Ogpu in Moscow. There is likewise, Mr. Green goes on to say, the case of Mr. Basil W. Delgass, for three and a half years vice-president of the Amtorg Trading Corporation, who was under sentence by the Ogpu to be shot for refusing to return to Russia when ordered to do so. Though he was in New York, his trial took place in Russia, and he was sentenced to death.

WHILE Delgass escaped with his life, others were less lucky. Mrs. Tatiana Kouteynikoff, a White Russian refugee, was sitting before her dressing table in her sixth-floor apartment at 68 Lenox Avenue, New York. Her husband and son were sleeping in an adjoining room. " Peter, look—I'm shot! " the woman cried, running to her husband and collapsing in death. A bullet from a building some 250 yards away had come through the window and struck her in the neck. It must have been, the witness said, deliberate assassination. Her father had been Czarist consul general at Constantinople.

Mr. Delgass also recalled the case of Arkady I. Pogdeff, a young Amtorg agent who was found dead under the window of his room in a hotel in April, 1930. " It was reported that he had fallen or leaped to his death, but a friend, Gregory R. Bernadsky, went to the police and charged that Pogdeff had been slain by the Ogpu for disobeying an order to return to Russia and that Pogdeff had expressed the fear that he would be killed in fulfillment of an Ogpu death sentence passed upon him for disobedience." To dance with the Red specter is indeed to court death!

In spite of Mr. Litvinoff's promise to President Roosevelt, Red propaganda and Red activities in the United States increased after the recognition of Soviet Russia. Before the ink was dry on the signature of Mr. Meyer-Polyanski-Finkelstein-Litvinoff, the man of many aliases and many masks, Russia's Foreign Minister, the Third International promulgated instructions for the organization of strikes and the overthrow of the American government. The document referred to was submitted (*before* Dies) to a special Committee of Congress on un-American Activities by Walter F. Steele. The following points are quoted from this " 21 Conditions of Admission into the Communist International " :

" In nearly every country in Europe and America the class struggle is entering upon the phase of civil war. In such circumstances the Communists can have no confidence in bourgeois legality. It is their duty to create everywhere a parallel illegal organization machine which at the decisive moment will be helpful to the party in fulfilling its duty to the revolution. In all countries where the Communists . . . are unable to carry on their whole work legally, *it is absolutely necessary to combine legal with illegal activities.*

" *The duty of spreading Communist ideas includes the special obligation to carry on a vigorous and systematic propaganda in the army.* Where this agitation is forbidden by exceptional laws it is to be carried on illegally. Renunciation of such activities would be the same as treason to revolutionary duty and would be incompatible with membership in the Third International."

COMMUNISM plants its friends and tools in every great news-gathering agency, where they form cells or units of the Communist Party. It is not always possible to identify individuals, but usually the groups publish a shop paper that reveals their activities.

There is hardly a more conservative newspaper than the New York Times, or one more determined to preserve its editorial integrity. The majority of its employees in every department are undoubtedly devoted and loyal. But apparently Communists have crept into its citadel—Communists loyal not to their employer nor to their country but to their overlords in Moscow. A Communist group publish a shop paper styling itself the New Times for the sole purpose of ridiculing and injuring its employers. They go so far as to accuse the Times of " shamelessly coloring the news in favor of Franco " and of " giving a pro-Nazi bias to the news from Germany "—a preposterous charge. Sensational rumors find a voice in the Communist changeling, but consistency is not one of its virtues. The same issue which accuses the Times of a " pro-Nazi " bias alleges that a well known publisher offered fifteen million dollars to Arthur Hays Sulzberger for the purchase of the New York Times, but that the offer was turned down " because of the large sum of German money behind the bid."

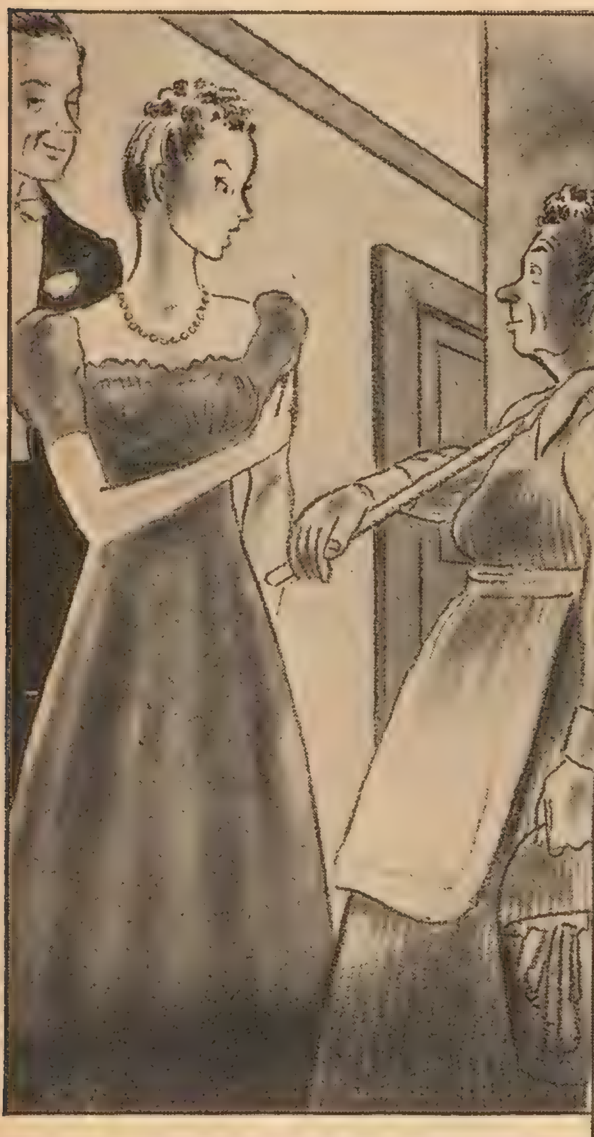
The New Times accuses the Times in the same breath of " juggling and submerging facts favorable to the New Deal, and concocting stories purporting to show anti-New Deal sentiment," and of angling for Franklin D. Roosevelt as its editor when and if the President steps from the White House. A brief editorial couples the announcement that nineteen linotype operators in the Times have been laid off with the suggestion to nullify the " speed-up " which followed their dismissal " by co-operative efforts to regulate the standard of a day's work "—in other words, sabotage.

Communist cells of several other newspapers and organizations publish similar shop papers. Each is a stab in the back of an employer. Can men who stab their employers in the back and betray their secrets be trusted in any capacity? Will the Communist on a newspaper give us the facts, or will he twist the news to suit his own purpose if he has a chance? One of America's greatest publishers complains that he cannot print a news story unfavorable to Communism without a sly attempt by some one to sabotage it. Comrade XYZ assures me that there are more Communists on the staffs of great metropolitan dailies than on the Communist Daily Worker.

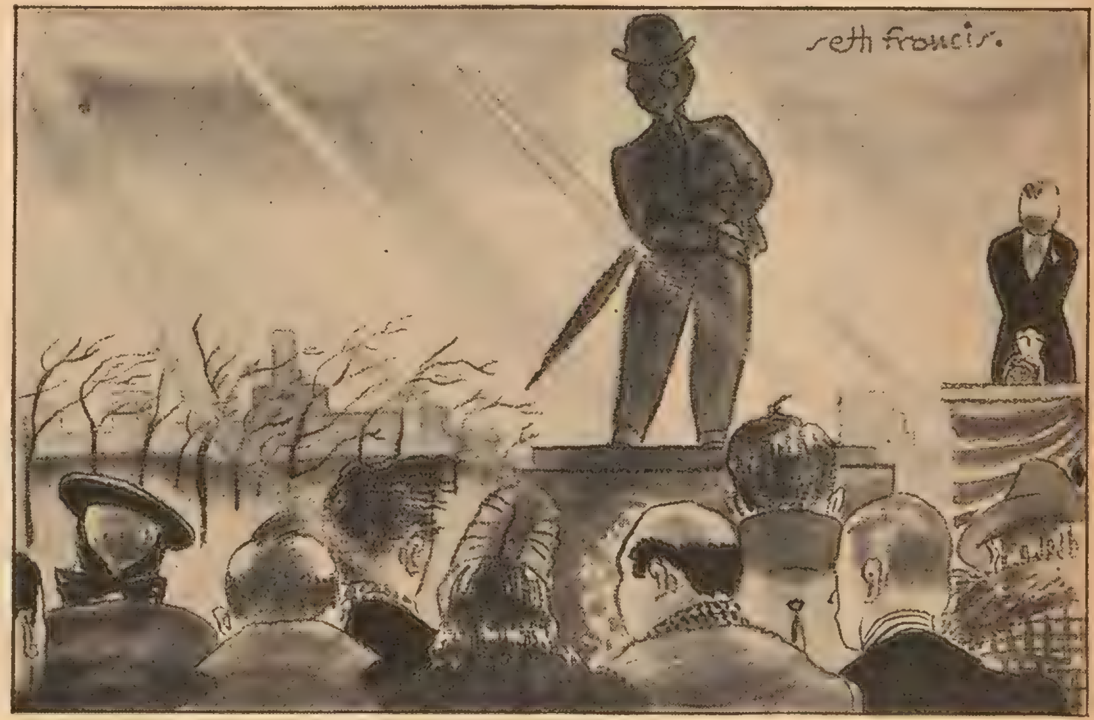
Any truth in the rumors of Communism seeping into our schools and tainting our children? Far too much, Mr. Wickets finds! He will present his evidence next week.

OUR VERY CANDID CAMERA

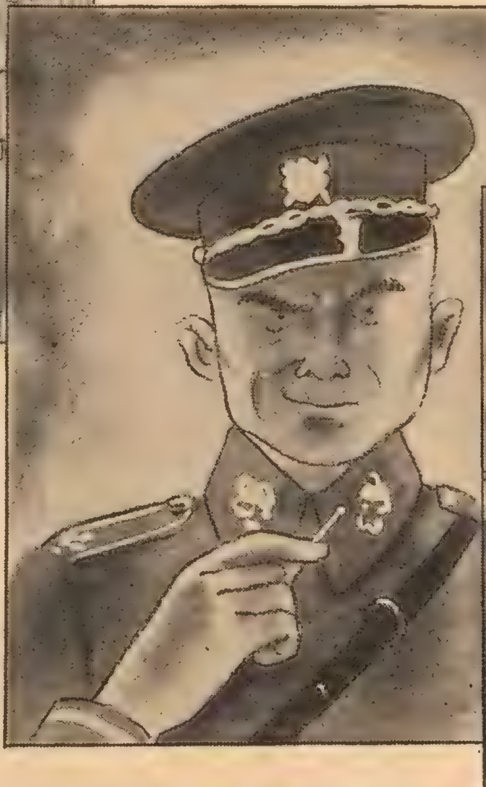
BY JACK SHUTTLEWORTH and F. E. SMITH



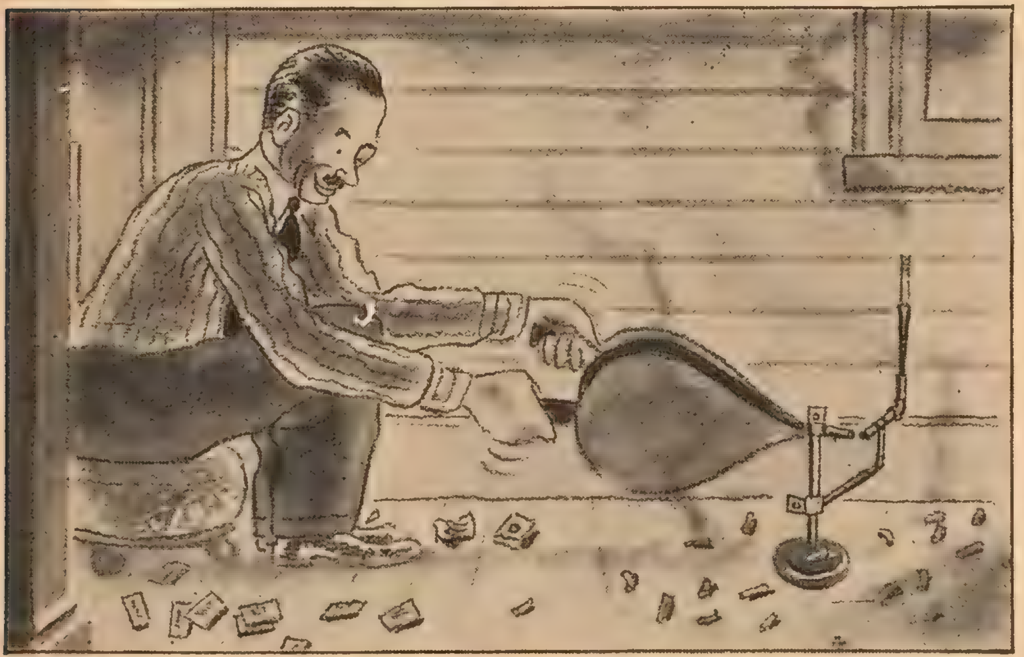
Taken at 4 A. M. in the corridors of the Waldorf-Plaza, this candid snap catches the surprise of a Park Avenue debutante upon noticing the stylish coiffure of an obvious employee.



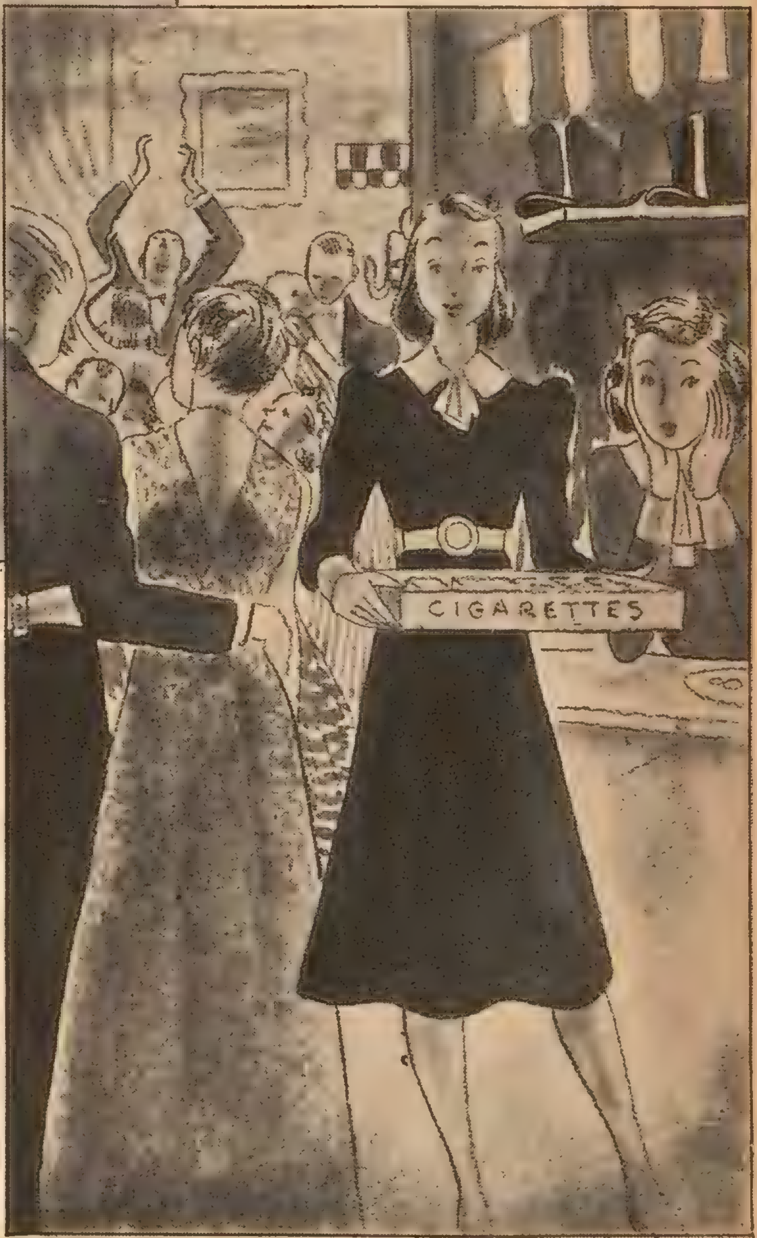
With bared heads despite December blasts, the above news photo shows the impressive rites at the recent unveiling of a WPA monument erected to the Unknown Taxpayer.



Smuggled out of Czechoslovakia was this portrait of Henrick Hedake, war veteran, who, after months of painstaking work, has engraved the World's Peace Treaties on the head of a pin.



Filling a longfelt want and just in time for the Christmas trade is this novel cigarette smoker for coupon savers who don't smoke.



In a determined attempt to keep their undergraduate children at home for at least one evening during the Christmas holidays, these ingenious parents have, as shown above, transformed their home into a Fifty-second Street night club.

PACKAGED

Here's the story of advertising's most vital role—safeguarding your health!

THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

READING TIME
13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE old-fashioned apothecary was an interesting citizen. He mixed potions, filled capsules, fixed salves, and prepared tinctures. He was also the town gossip and everybody's friend. He had time—lots of time, because he had nothing else to do.

He has been succeeded in American life by the druggist—seller of ice cream, breakfasts, lunches, sundries, rubber goods, books, cigars and cigarettes, electrical appliances, watches and clocks. But the druggist has not lost the art of distilling and making medicines.

The modern druggist is a hard-working, often inadequately compensated citizen who has been forced to take on nonprofessional activities to be able to serve the community at all. He has to work impossibly long hours, sell stamps, help find telephone numbers, and advise stingy people who won't go to a doctor, or poor folks who can't afford to, on remedies for simple or even imaginary ailments.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that it is often safer, usually cheaper, and in most instances professionally more advisable for responsible, professionally controlled laboratories to prepare large numbers of labeled, uniformly packaged, readily identified preparations. You would be surprised to know how large a share of the filled prescriptions come out of such packages and are put into bottles and boxes by your neighborhood druggist, who then adds his label to the lot. Often a pharmacist would find it frightfully expensive to supply that which the pharmaceutical manufacturer buys by the carload and therefore cheaply. Advertising makes this mass production possible.

MEDICINES

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT A. CAMERON

It is safer and cheaper for the druggist to buy these ready-made medications. It saves him oodles of time. He does not have to carry an enormous stock of expensive drugs. You come in, give him the prescription, and he says, " It will be ready in an hour." Meanwhile, he takes what it is out of a Parke Davis or Squibb or Merck or Wyeth, or some other big house's packing, and gets it ready for you. Or if he hasn't what your doctor prescribed, he sends and gets it from the jobber or wholesaler.

There is nothing unethical, nothing wrong with this practice. There is no substitution. There is no omission of an essential drug because it is unavailable. There is no lack of uniform quality, of standardized quality. You or your doctor can know exactly what you are getting. It is printed on the label, and behind that label is the reputation and financial responsibility of a reliable firm.

This is one side of the story: the growth of the manufacture of what is called in the trade " ethical " drugs. Now, the difference between " ethical " drugs and " proprietary " medicines is the method of advertising. On the ethical side, the manufacturers advertise only to the medical and pharmaceutical professions; on the proprietary side, they advertise directly to the public. No medicine that is offered as a cure or the advertising of which implies a cure is advertised directly to the public, but medicines which offer relief of symptoms for simple ills are advertised directly to the public. But both sides advertise. If they did not advertise they could not sell their wares.

The decision as to what course to follow is based upon the character of the drug, its safe usage, and the general attitude toward it. For instance, Sulfanilamide may turn out to be one of the greatest boons to mankind, but it is not safe to put it into the hands of the layman in any form. And no reputable house would do that. It adopts a professional attitude toward the drug. On the other hand, it is perfectly safe for a layman to go to a drugstore and buy Vicks VapoRub or Musterole or Mentholatum for an oncoming cold. So they advertise and offer themselves for relief but not as a cure.

It is not surprising that charlatans should have entered this field. The old medicine man who sold Indian Snake Oil at the circus side show is still around. And there are smarter men than he ever was who trick and fool the public. But because there is an occasional scoundrel in this field does not mean that it is to the consumers' advantage to kill off advertising. That would be to follow such logic as: " Lucky Luciano is a crook; Lucky Luciano is a man; therefore, all men are crooks." Obviously, such a *non sequitur* is nonsense. And a similar *non sequitur* is nonsense if applied to advertising.

" Guinea-pig books " dealing particularly with medicines are not new. In 1820 Friedrich Accum wrote Death in the Pot, which is even more Draculan than the modern attempts to frighten folks. And I can say without any hesitation that no " guinea-pig book " has appeared in recent years which does not commit the sins of overstatement, exaggeration, distortion of the truth, and seeking popularity by frightening—all crimes of which they accuse the advertisers. Using the devices of the least ethical advertisers, they seek a market for their wares.

Both the drug manufacturers and the publications are joining hands to keep the fakers out. They are uniting on advertising standards which will protect the public, give preference to honest decent laboratories and manufacturers whose research is of the greatest value to the public. This self-discipline, added to the protection of the consumer already set up by federal and state governments, is already serving as an admirable check on those who horn in on a legitimate industry. Under the Wheeler-Lea amendment to the Federal Trade Commission Act, the Federal Trade Commission can and does forbid false and misleading advertisements. The dramatization of a truth does not make the truth false. Advertising *is* dramatized truth. Of course advertisers are like other people—lawyers, doctors, preachers, especially reformers. Sometimes, in their enthusiasms, they exaggerate. Under the Wheeler-Lea Act, a curb is placed upon their enthusiasms.

I am told by manufacturers that such measures not only protect the consumer but the legitimate manufacturer as well. The pharmaceutical house that sets up a competent laboratory, that makes sure of its product by experimentation, that speaks the truth through advertising, suffers from the old Snake Oil charm worker as much as the public does. And it favors legislation which forces everybody to speak truthfully.

And their responsibility is great because almost the only way to popularize a new development in the correction of the human body or the cure of human ailments is through advertising. Take, for instance, vitamins. The scientists search for them and the medical journals publish learned articles about them. But it was the manufacturers of cod-liver oils and other fish oils, the orange and tomato companies, and other commercial organizations that made the country vitamin-conscious. The consumption of cod-liver oil alone was increased from about one half million gallons in 1920 to nearly three million gallons fifteen years later. This was done by advertising.

There is still another phase to this problem: From time immemorial, man has used his own favorite remedies for many of the lesser ailments. For instance, nobody runs to a doctor over a simple case of indigestion due to overeating or oversmoking or drinking too much. Now, every man will tell you what cures him on such occasions, and most of the cures work because what he apparently needs is some kind of alkali and something to make him burp. (You see, I am a layman and can't use Latin for what bothers me in simple English.)

Alka-Seltzer, Bromo-Seltzer, Sal Hepatica, Tums, Milk of Magnesia, bicarbonate of soda, milk, and White Rock, and combinations of these, do the job, and do the job effectively. I mention these because I happen to have used them on occasion. But there are lots of others that solve this disagreeable problem. There is a great demand for this sort of thing, as there is a great demand for simple cathartics. And the pharmaceutical manufacturers prepare products and advertise them to satisfy these human wants. Most of the products are based upon physicians' prescriptions.

Apart from an occasional objection to an ingredient, which is, after all, a matter of expert opinion, the main objection of the " guinea-pig books " to this general type of proprietary medicine is that they cost too much; that too great a share of the consumers' price goes into packaging and advertising and perhaps even profits. They ridicule the radio programs that specialize in dulcet music and then tell the listener how to get rid of that headache due to hyperacidity.

Now, as to cost, none of these products costs as much as a doctor's prescription plus having the prescription filled at a drugstore. They do not cost as much as it would to have a prescription filled at a drugstore, omitting the doctor's fee. Competition prevents exorbitant charges for any advertised, trademarked goods. It is an inexorable law of the twentieth-century market place that when the price of an advertised product is high beyond what the consumer feels he ought to be charged, some other similar product appears in competition. Advertising makes such competition effective. Advertising products protects the consumer interest. And the advertising expenditure, so far as the consumer is concerned, brings him better products at lower cost.

Whether you prefer Phillips' or Squibb Milk of Magnesia is a matter of personal taste—for both are reputable products. When they battle for your custom in the newspapers and magazines or over the radio, they usually advertise the virtue of all milks of magnesia and then say some special word for themselves.

Although I will agree that sometimes advertisers puff a little too strongly about the virtues of their own products, what they really do is to advertise standardized home remedies, laboratory-proof commodities, that are sold at a reasonable price and that are to be recognized by an advertised trade name.

The advantage of that in the present stage of drugstore development ought to be obvious to any one. You know what you are getting. Some of the anti-advertisers bring instances of the occasional allergic individual using a drug which he ought not to use. All that person has to do is to discover his allergy and avoid the kind that upsets him. Of course he may never discover any allergies, because most of us do not have any. But the fact remains that if you have a headache and you take an aspirin, or if you have indigestion and you take an Alka-Seltzer, and you are relieved, you get your money's worth. And before Bayer Aspirin was advertised people walked the streets with unnecessary headaches. And before advertised trade names were given to this simple remedy, charlatans were able to sell fake white pills which did so much harm in the influenza epidemic of 1918-19. Advertising safeguards against that type of fake. It should be a safeguard against all fakes.

From Midtown Gallery

George E. Sokolsky, author of The American Way of Life, as modeled by Arline Wingate.

Then, there is another category of products in this field which have nothing to do with doctors and prescriptions: tooth pastes and powders, mouth washes, hair tonics, pomades, simple cough medicines, etc. In this field, only advertising creates competition both in the field of quality and price. Whether you use Kreml or Vitalis or Vaseline Hair Tonic or Wildroot or Lucky Tiger or Fitch's is a result of advertising. You know that you want something to preserve or freshen your hair, to add a bit of grease or to take away excessive natural grease. You have a particular taste and a particular personal problem. You want to know what is available. Of course you might ask your corner druggist and he might tell you what he happens to have on hand.

Advertising broadens that. It tells you what is on hand in this land of ours, what is available everywhere, anywhere from New York to California. You make your choice.

Now, there is one point in all this that the "guinea-pig" boys and girls have neglected altogether, and that is that in the long run advertising forces manufacturers to avoid crookedness and trickery. It becomes an agency for self-discipline. For the advertised product sticks its chin out. Its clarinets blare and its drums produce a tumult and demand attention. So you ask, "What is this stuff and what does it do?" The advertised, labeled product simply cannot keep itself secret, because it is sold under the self-imposed glare of the klieg lights of publicity. And if there is a fake in a carload, it comes right up to the surface. That, of course, is why the writers of "guinea-pig books" know about them.

Would you like to be living in Europe now? Do you realize how many of the big differences in favor of the American way of life we owe to advertising? Mr. Sokolsky will sum them up next week.

Now, some of these proprietary medicines, and even patent medicines, find their way into the National Formulary and the United States Pharmacopoeia, not under their advertised trade names but under their ingredients. And so you can go to a physician and he can give you a prescription and the druggist can fill it and you can have all that special cost for exactly the same article—just because somebody told you not to use an advertised medicine. If you like to waste your money that way, that's your affair. I don't.

I find that prescriptions which in effect are similar to Listerine appear in the United States Pharmacopoeia, 1900, National Formulary, 1916, 1926, and 1936. Yet Listerine was put on the market in 1879. Similarly, a prescription that is similar to Lysol appears in the United States Pharmacopoeia for 1930. Lysol was put on the market in 1889. Antiphlogistine appeared on the market in 1893, but an imitation of it appears in the National Formulary in 1936. There are many products like these, products for which a manufacturer creates a market by advertising their usefulness, and which the medical and pharmaceutical professions accept as a legitimate medication.

No credit is given to the advertiser. He had the knowledge, foresight, and daring to build a market for a commodity—then along comes a "guinea-pigger" and says that anybody can make it because it is in the United States Pharmacopoeia or the National Formulary. He does not tell how it happened to get there. Nor that the advertised product has since been improved.

The answer perhaps to this is the constantly increasing popularity of advertised proprietary medicines. Whether it's cod-liver oil or other vitamin products, or Dr. Scholl's foot powders and soaps, or Saraka or Absorbine Jr., or a thousand other advertised brands in this field, the public has learned to have confidence in the standardized, uniform, laboratory-proof, advertised product. Here is a case not so much of "it pays to advertise" as "it pays to buy advertised products." The public has confidence in a trade-mark that has put itself in the competitive market, has withstood examination and scrutiny, has been examined by government bureaus and consumers' organizations, and has come through this ordeal with success. The public trusts such products for its simple wants.

And the public also knows that no standardized proprietary medicine is a substitute for a doctor. On the other hand, no responsible manufacturer of medicines ever advertises that his product is a substitute for a doctor. And the public also knows that doctors are prescribing advertised brands more and more. Therefore the attack on advertising in this field has, on the whole, fallen upon deaf ears—except as regards the few rare fakers, who should not be allowed to advertise anyhow.

Now, in our general picture of advertising, the proprietary medicines play a little different role from other commodities. These commodities are strictly personal. They not only involve taste and preference but also faith. The purchaser must have faith in the product. The mere fact that it is advertised should be a guaranty that the product is worthy.

Advertising then rises in this field beyond a mere mechanism for making what exists available. It enters the realm of ethics, so that the public has learned to believe that because it is advertised it is to be accepted for what it claims to be and to do what it promises.

I am convinced that proprietary-medicine manufacturers and the principal organs of advertising, the magazines, newspapers, and radio, are achieving this ethical goal of self-discipline in advertising — self-discipline in the broadest interest of the whole American people.

THE END

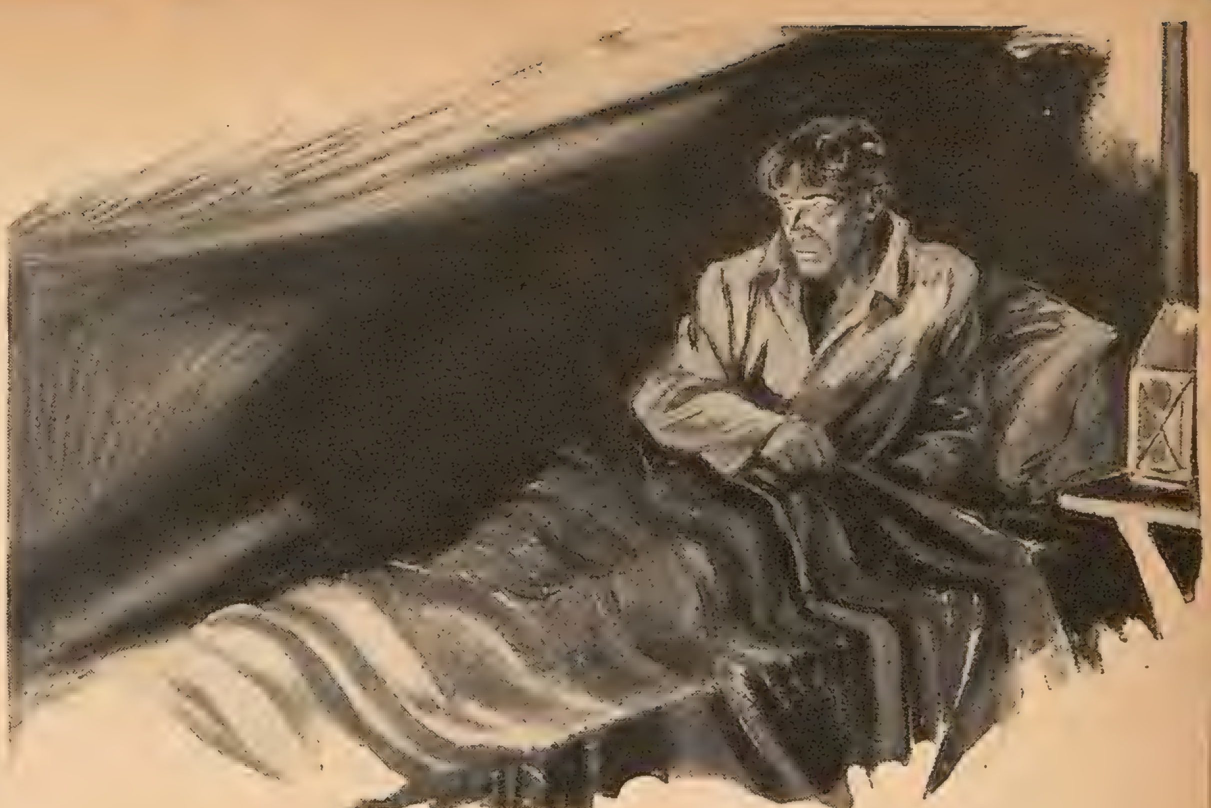
☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

★★★½ DEATH SENDS A CABLE by Margaret Tayler Yates. The Macmillan Company.

The talented author of the Hush-Hush Murders again keeps her U. S. Navy background, this time at the naval station on Guantánamo Bay. We meet some old friends and some new ones and go with them through an engrossing experience of the Naval Intelligence Service.—*William C. de Mille.*

NOT A DREAM

A TRUE *Short Short*



BY KINGSLEY MOSES

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

THE duration of a dream is known to be very brief; repeatedly scientists have checked and verified the fact.

Of my own experience I recall that salty-sweet dawn in Tripoli when I got my head from the blankets at the howl of an Italian soldier's horrified cry. In the second or two which may have elapsed between that shout of deadly fear and my realization of what it meant, this whole story developed.

I had arrived at the cavalry park of the Lancers only the evening before; and, as the first American guest, I had been given an elaborate, virtually overwhelming welcome. Sleep, when I finally turned in on the cot in my little green tent, came swift and profound.

So as, at the soldier's shout, I came out of the deep of slumber, all yesterday's memories came to me: my sensation of excitement at the dim dun line of the coast which was our first landfall of Africa; the steamer's cautious navigation of the shallow turquoise sea which so thinly hides those shifting sand bars where the U. S. S. Philadelphia fell prey to pirate xebecs this hundred years ago; the pale white dunes and minarets of the ancient Moslem stronghold.

Forthright open warfare between the Italians and Arabs still continued at that time, though the savage desert tribesmen were supposed to have been driven some fifty kilometers south to their den at Aziziya.

The city of Tripoli itself is completely surrounded by a stone wall, ten or twelve feet high, topped by needle-sharp spikes and wicked shards of roughly broken glass. Beyond the wall, barbed wire rings the town in three bristling circles, and farther out in the desert are spaced those squat cubical blockhouses common to every African colonial scene.

Just within the wall at its southeastern corner the Lancers had their cavalry park. Vast palm trees swing their fronds to the ceaseless gentle sea breeze and the well tended green lawns were spangled all about by brilliant beds of tropical flowers. The serried ranks of the green tents had shade from the desert sun; rarely the temperature rose much above ninety degrees in the daytime—though on the Sahara, outside, I later saw it touch one hundred and forty-four. And with the coming of twilight it always became cool.

Talk at the officers' mess was jolly and carefree that evening. Ultimately the laughing talk came around to a gaunt, rather elderly captain who had lately been observing with the French in Morocco. The captain—del Cavallo, we may as well call him—had been riding for nearly a year with the famous General Lyautey's punitive mobile column of spahis. The captain, long a liaison man, due to the loss of one eye, had precise knowledge of several languages. Speaking English for my benefit, he told of the sneaking slyness, the incredible stealth of the typical Arab guerrilla.

"We camped always at night, with General Lyautey in the center of his whole command. Encircling us all were sentinels of the exterior guard, with posts no farther apart than a hundred meters. Within their circumference were picketed all our animals—horses, mules, camels—and the camel, let me tell you, is a more fidgety, lighter sleeper than even the thoroughbred horse. Then came the men themselves, in circle after circle, all resting on their arms. At the camp's very core the officers' tents made another ring of protection; while at the hub itself was General Lyautey's handsomer tent, a luxurious native fabrication of impermeable waterproof white silk and lamb's wool.

"Raids occurred almost every night. That did not deter Lyautey—a Grant, a Pershing of a man—from attaining his objective. Replacements filled our *cadre;* we moved always southward. Then "—del Cavallo paused to chuckle—" the Arab gave us a lesson.

"It had been a bright desert night. For once, no sentry's cry had echoed, no shot roused us from sleep. Even camels and horses had been comparatively still—little of the customary stamping and swishing. In fact, the shout of a single man must have been what wakened us. Lyautey himself had shouted.

"*Megari,*" del Cavallo grinned, "the general himself, in his underwear, stood in the morning's cool light. He had no tent at all. In the night that whole tent had simply vanished."

"It could happen; but not to us." It was the colonel who spoke, a duke of old Tuscan family. "The French are excellent mechanics, strategists, tacticians, specialists in the cold science of warfare indeed. But their discipline at times is often atrocious."

His officers easily agreed with him.

All this passed, I say, in my mind as I woke the following morning. And I thought it had all been a dream until from the next tent to mine they carried Captain del Cavallo and the senior lieutenant who had shared his night's shelter The throats o the two officer had been sliced down to th backbone.

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE NOBLE BIGAMIST

BY A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

BEING a young fellow myself, with only forty years' experience in the New York Police Department behind me, I suppose I ought not to know about Gillispie's saloon in St. Louis. But I do. I was there in World's Fair days, when all the girls were singing:

"Meet me at St. Louis, Louis.
Meet me at the Fair."

My name wasn't Louis, and I didn't have any girl to meet—the missus being a later edition—but I did have a couple of punks who had jumped their bail in New York, so I went to St. Louis and met them at Gillispie's.

In those days you could meet almost anybody at Gillispie's bar, especially anybody with cauliflower ears. John L. Sullivan used to hang out there. But the celeb they were all talking about when I was there was no stand-up-and-knock-down fighter. They were talking about Lord Frederick Seymour Barrington, no less. His Lordship was especially well known to the habitués of Gillispie's saloon, because, after a tangle with the law, he had consented to act as a sort of resident celebrity at the famous bar—a sort of master of ceremonies or male hostess.

The St. Louis police first heard of him when they answered a disturbance-of-the-peace call from the residence of Mrs. R. R. Elliot, where his Lordship was found lying on his back, with an irate young Irishman named Jimmy Cochran sitting astride his noble stomach and punching his mustachioed face. Pressed for an explanation, Cochran said:

"This snake in the grass had the nerve to talk my sister Grace into marrying him."

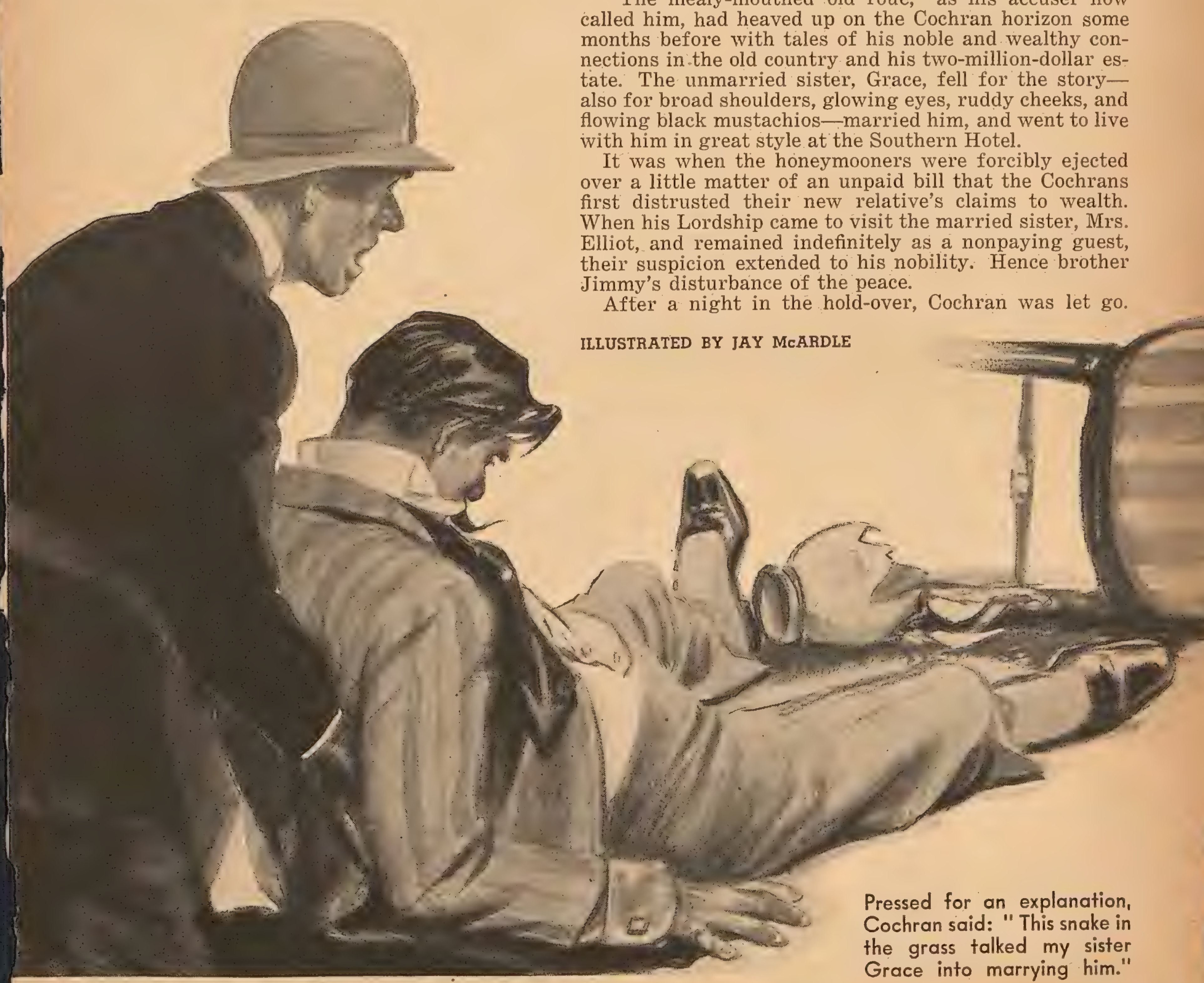
When the boys from headquarters finally pulled Cochran off and hustled the two of them into a patrol wagon, the truth about Barrington began to emerge.

"The mealy-mouthed old roué," as his accuser now called him, had heaved up on the Cochran horizon some months before with tales of his noble and wealthy connections in the old country and his two-million-dollar estate. The unmarried sister, Grace, fell for the story—also for broad shoulders, glowing eyes, ruddy cheeks, and flowing black mustachios—married him, and went to live with him in great style at the Southern Hotel.

It was when the honeymooners were forcibly ejected over a little matter of an unpaid bill that the Cochrans first distrusted their new relative's claims to wealth. When his Lordship came to visit the married sister, Mrs. Elliot, and remained indefinitely as a nonpaying guest, their suspicion extended to his nobility. Hence brother Jimmy's disturbance of the peace.

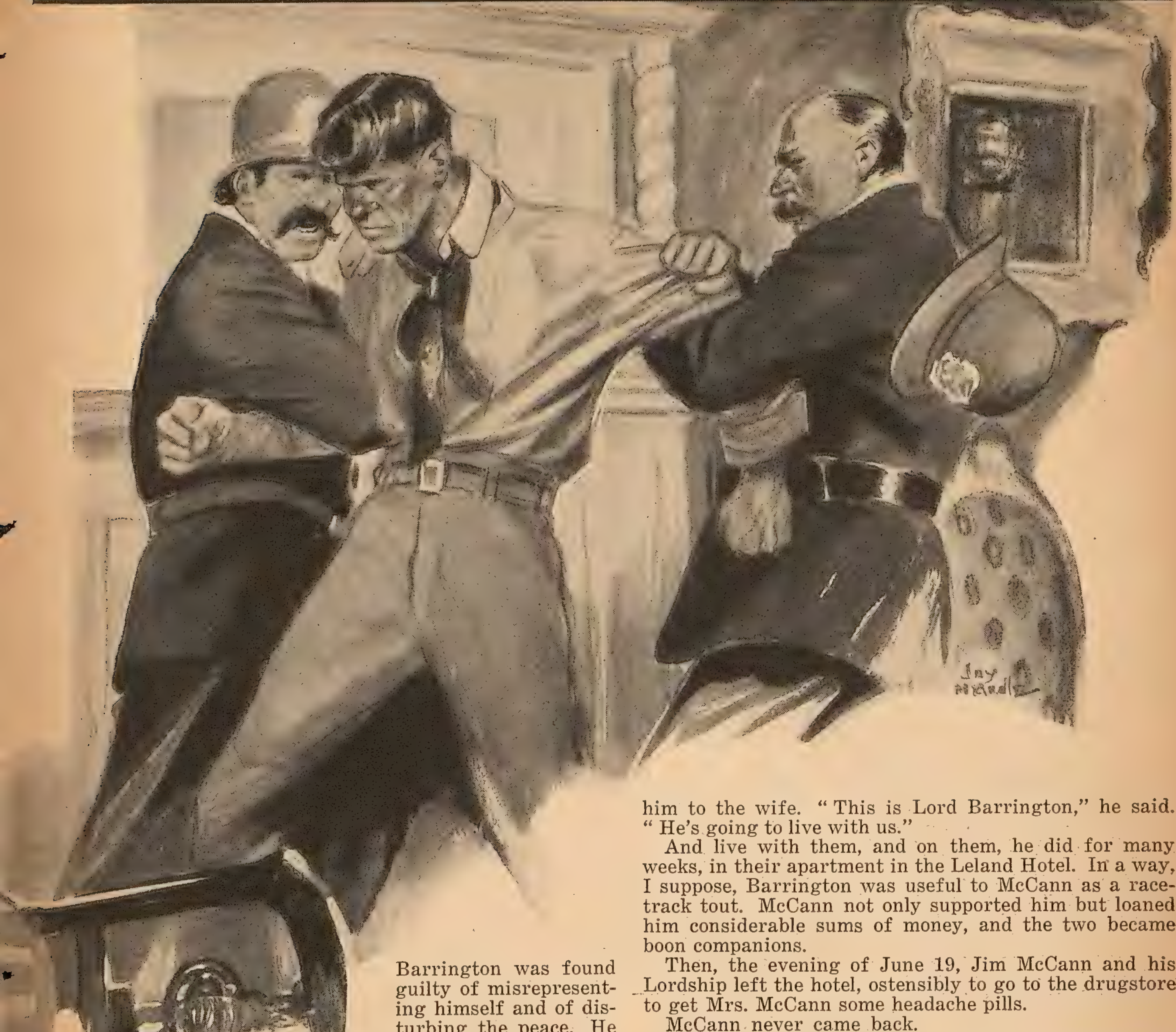
After a night in the hold-over, Cochran was let go.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY McARDLE



Pressed for an explanation, Cochran said: "This snake in the grass talked my sister Grace into marrying him."

THE OLD-TIMER LOOKS AT SOME FAMOUS CASES



Barrington was found guilty of misrepresenting himself and of disturbing the peace. He was fined $500 and costs and, being unable to pay, got six months in the workhouse.

His title caught the fancy of both press and public. Disclosures that he had worked the same marriage racket on at least three other women during his short stay in our country seemed only to add to his glamour. Sentiment finally waxed so warm that a petition, signed by hundreds of respectable and influential St. Louisans, induced Mayor Wells to cut his sentence from six months to two.

Freed, he was foodless. But he had a blank check on the Bank of Fame, and he cashed it at Gillispie's.

"I had to let him go, though," explained wise old Gil. "Some folks just can't stand success."

When Gillispie's turned him loose, he put in for the night at a flophouse. The next day, however, he ran into Jim McCann, sportsman, race-horse owner, constructive imbiber at Gillispie's bar.

McCann had already been much impressed with the noble lord. He would sit for hours enthralled by what he called the Englishman's "fancy talk." So when his idol explained that he was temporarily embarrassed, Jim gave him fifty bucks. More, he took him home and introduced him to the wife. "This is Lord Barrington," he said. "He's going to live with us."

And live with them, and on them, he did for many weeks, in their apartment in the Leland Hotel. In a way, I suppose, Barrington was useful to McCann as a racetrack tout. McCann not only supported him but loaned him considerable sums of money, and the two became boon companions.

Then, the evening of June 19, Jim McCann and his Lordship left the hotel, ostensibly to go to the drugstore to get Mrs. McCann some headache pills.

McCann never came back.

Barrington did, though. He was full of bland assurances that McCann had been suddenly called out of town, and that Mrs. McCann shouldn't worry.

She didn't, much. She was used to her husband's occasional all-night absences. Moreover, she was soon cheered by a telegram addressed to Lord Barrington:

"I am in safe hands. Will return in short time. (signed) from J. M. to S. B."

The following day a letter arrived, also addressed to S. B.—Seymour Barrington—which repeated the telegram's assurances that all was well. On the third day came a mysterious telephone message from Chicago: "Agents" had located her husband in that city, and he was all right. Barrington explained that he had engaged a private detective agency to relieve her of anxiety.

In the end, on the morning of June 23, 1903, she called up the police and reported her husband as missing. Chief Desmond immediately assigned his ace detective, Sergeant Cabanne, and Officers Kirk and Ball to the case.

When Mrs. McCann told them casually that "Lord Barrington is living with us," Cabanne and his men pricked up their official ears. His Lordship was not at the apartment when they first called. They made a few inquiries in the neighborhood. The clerk at the Western Union office disclosed that Barrington had sent the telegram to himself. A man named Mitchell confessed that he had been persuaded by his Lordship to make the phone call supposed to have come from Chicago.

The proprietor of the neighborhood hardware store told of McCann's having purchased a .38-caliber revolver for Barrington only a few days before.

Bookmakers at the track revealed that, the day after McCann's disappearance, Barrington had cashed betting tickets known to be McCann's amounting to $159.

So a couple of the boys from headquarters picked him up and brought him in. "I've been expecting you fellows to question me," he remarked, with his most beguiling smile, "and I want you to know that I am anxious to do my part in clearing up this mystery."

This—according to John J. McCarthy, then a patrolman but later St. Louis' celebrated chief of police—was the story he told to Chief Desmond:

"McCann and I *did* go to the drugstore that evening, sir, just as his wife has told you. But as we were leaving it, McCann advocated a quick trip out to Suburban Gardens. Arriving there, he met two men and a woman who seemed to know him quite well. We all ordered drinks."

Barrington described this trio in detail: a tall heavy middle-aged man; a shorter, lighter, younger man; a blonde. He told just how they had been dressed. After midnight, he and McCann had left the beer garden with them and walked north a couple of miles on a dirt road. Then McCann and the blonde had wandered off into a meadow, and suddenly the blonde had screamed. The two men had beaten his Lordship to the spot and started clubbing McCann with their canes. When he had rushed to McCann's defense, they had knocked him unconscious.

Coming to, he said, he had found himself lying in a watery ditch. McCann and the trio were talking, and one man made off, to return driving a hansom. The other man and the woman got into it. McCann came to the ditch, told Barrington he was going out of town with these friends of his, and asked for a loan. Barrington said he handed him $27.50.

"I remained in the ditch till daybreak," his Lordship concluded, "when I walked back to the Leland and advised Mrs. McCann not to worry about her husband."

Chief Desmond and his men knew that Barrington was taking them for a ride. But what could they do? There was nothing on which they could hold him.

Two days later Sergeant Cabanne learned that a Negro workman had found a naked corpse in an abandoned stone quarry at Bonfield, not far from St. Louis.

"I'm afraid I can't help you much on that, boys," said the county coroner on the phone. "Since there were no marks of identification, I had the body buried alongside the quarry. It was badly decomposed—I judged it had lain there in the water three or four days at least."

THIS *was* discouraging. But in a wheat field not far from the quarry Cabanne and Detective Rice stumbled upon a pair of brown low shoes. Nearer the quarry they picked up a .38 cartridge and five exploded ones, also a bloody razor. Under a near-by trestle they found a man's shirt and undershirt, both covered with blood. In one shirt sleeve was a gold cuff button initialed "J. M."

Back to the Leland. "There's no doubt about it," sobbed the widow. "These are my husband's."

Still there was nothing connecting Barrington with the murder—not till the porter at the Leland Hotel volunteered the information that his Lordship had come home early the morning of the 20th spattered with mud and blood, and had ordered him to place the soiled garments in a barrel in the cellar. They were still there.

A warrant was immediately issued, and Frederick Seymour Barrington was collared at the Leland.

He was down but he wasn't out. As he jolted along in the patrol wagon, he drew out his silk handkerchief. His raised hand sent a shiny something flying through the air. Patrolman Aylward, sitting beside him, deftly intercepted it: a gold watch and chain, with an elaborate charm on which was engraved "J. M."

Under the seat cushion, when the prisoner stepped down at the Four Courts Building, Aylward found a gold signet ring with the same initials and a diamond scarfpin known to have belonged to McCann.

Officers searching at the Leland discovered that McCann's clothes closet had been emptied. Both his clothes and the Englishman's were found neatly packed in a trunk at the railway station, marked "S. B."

The police had, of course, demanded an exhumation of the body and a thorough autopsy. This proved quite the social event of the season. Buggies and democrat wagons brought hundreds of curiosity seekers. The trolley companies had to run extra cars.

Mrs. McCann's identification of the body lying in a rough wooden box was immediate and complete.

"That's the sweetest man that ever lived," she sobbed.

The handcuffed Barrington repeated the phrase with leering sarcasm. He eyed the gruesome corpse with calm distaste; then said nonchalantly: "You gentlemen have made a mistake. This is not McCann."

However, McCann's dentist recognized his recent handiwork—and this and other identifications caused the corpse to be accepted officially as poor Jim McCann's.

Coroner Koch discovered two .38 bullets in the brain, also deep gashes about the face and neck. The victim had been dead when thrown into the pool in the quarry.

ON the way back to town, Barrington showed real fear for the first time—fear that the ugly crowds that followed him might take it into their heads to lynch him.

Now William Mott, a motorman, identified Barrington as a man he had passed five times on the morning of June 20, walking along the trolley tracks from Bonfield toward St. Louis. Two road repair men identified him, and Conductor Bennett and Motorman Ollien pointed him out as one of two men who had got off their outbound car at the quarry on the night of the 19th.

Bennett was also able to identify the other man—for McCann, considerably under the weather, had insisted on presenting him with his card when he boarded the car. Bennett turned over the card to the police.

Barrington promptly altered his story. But it was too late now. Neither grand nor trial jury believed his Lordship, and the latter brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree. He was sentenced to hang on April 23, 1904.

But he didn't. The State Supreme Court, to which he appealed, didn't get around to the case for two years. Finally, though, it confirmed the decision of the lower court, and he was resentenced to die on March 15, 1906.

Again he didn't hang. His lawyers raised the point that two justices had been absent, and that he was entitled to a retrial by the full bench. He got it, also another conviction and another sentence to be hanged, this time on June 26, 1906. And although the lawyers now appealed to the United States Supreme Court, this merely resulted in a postponement to July 1, 1907.

Two British ambassadors to the United States were said to have interested themselves in his case. The St. George Society of New York worked in his behalf. He himself hinted that he was an official representative of His Majesty's government and had come to St. Louis to locate the British Pavilion at the 1904 World's Fair.

On June 29, 1907, Governor Joseph W. Folk—an honest official, a famous former district attorney, a nationally known enemy of crime—saved him from the gallows by commuting his sentence, supposedly to life imprisonment. But in 1917, two days before Christmas, Barrington walked out of Jefferson City Penitentiary a free man.

Well, almost free. A condition of his release was that he should return at once to England.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: While he was waiting to be deported, word was received from Scotland Yard that he was not only no lord but no Barrington.

He was a notorious English crook, Frederick George Barton, who had often gone by high-sounding titles. He was wanted in London for jumping his parole.

The St. Louis police washed their hands of him when they notified the British authorities that he was aboard the Mauretania. What Scotland Yard did to him on his arrival, nobody in this country seems to know.

I hope they wrung his neck!

THE END

The Flower Girl and the Lady

Once more, to prove they are sisters under the skin, a witty Shavian allegory tells its tale—this time on the screen

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ PYGMALION

THE PLAYERS: Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller, Wilfred Lawson, Marie Lohr, Scott Sunderland, Jean Cadell, David Tree, Esme Percy, Violet Vanbrugh. From the play by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Mr. Howard and Anthony Asquith. Produced by Gabriel Pascal. Released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller in George Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion.

THE eighty-two-year-old vegetarian, George Bernard Shaw, who always has shied away from selling his precious plays to heartless Hollywood, let Leslie Howard make his Pygmalion into a film in London last summer. Pygmalion itself is twenty-four years of age.

Back in the fateful year of 1914 it was a stage sensation. It presented Shaw in feats of verbal dexterity, and one of the characters used the taboo phrase, "not bloody likely."

It held London breathless in those dear dead days.

Pygmalion, if you know your mythology, made a statue of his ideal woman—and fell in love with it. Mr. Shaw's Professor Henry Higgins, world-famous expert on phonetics, or the science of pronunciation, picks up a little waif of a flower girl in the London fog.

He makes the slavey take a bath and then teaches her a few simple phonetic rules of speech.

In no time at all the professor presents his pretty little cockney at the great glittering reception to the Ambassador of Transylvania and, with her phonetics well in hand, she bowls everybody over, becomes the sensation of the evening.

Shaw, of course, was at his Shawiest. Here is a comedy of manners done in Shavian allegory.

The Irishman, hating snobbery and annoyed that manners are the property of a class, was setting out to prove that class distinctions are trivial things, that the difference between the flower girl and a duchess was about as significant as the breath of a broad A.

The able Mr. Howard acts Professor Higgins and co-directs.

Wendy Hiller, interesting twenty-six-year-old English actress, is the flower girl.

The inside dope: You are likely to find this film pleasant, witty but loquacious — and its appeal may be limited.

Whether or not you like it depends upon your capacity to assimilate Shaw. You have it — or you haven't. If you love your Gene Autry, don't say you weren't warned.

★ ★ ★ THE GREAT MAN VOTES

THE PLAYERS: John Barrymore, Peter Holden, Virginia Weidler, Don MacBride, Clarence Kolb, Katharine Alexander, Luis Alberni, J. M. Kerrigan, Benny Bartlett, Brandon Tynan, Elisabeth Risdon, Granville Bates. Screen play by John Twist from an original by Gordon Malherbe Hillman. Directed by Garson Kanin. Produced by RKO-Radio.

HERE is one of those shrewdly devised trick ideas that Hollywood loves—and America frequently worships at the box office. A shiftless, broken-down derelict, once a famous scholar and educator, has drifted to the post of night watchman in a New York skyscraper. Losing his grip at his wife's death, he has slipped down the social ladder. With him are his two children, bravely trying to face life, refusing to concede to the world at large that their father is less than the greatest man in the world.

Then what happens? It is discovered that the derelict ex-educator is the only voter left in his deserted precinct, everybody else having retreated before civic progress.

Now, this precinct has a tradition. It always is first with its returns; as it goes so goes the city, the state, the nation.

Realizing this, a great hungry political machine tries to snare the old fellow's all-important vote. Then—but why tell the rest?

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the November 19 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Jean Pattison, 600 West 189th St., New York City, for the review of Angels with Dirty Faces.

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, January 4. The winner will be announced in the issue of February 11.

The background—1923, with a great city in the happy predepression throes of Coolidge worship, bootlegging, home brewing, and graft.

John Barrymore is the night watchman, and the two children are played by Peter Holden and Virginia Weidler.

Peter is new to films; lately was the hit of the stage play, On Borrowed Time. He is seven, real cognomen is Peter Holden Parkhurst, his uncle being the late Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, the famous reformer-minister.

Peter is considered so valuable that RKO-Radio transported to California the child's own goats from the Parkhurst farm in Rockland County, New York.

It seems that Peter drinks goat's milk exclusively.

Miss Weidler, eleven years young, you remember for her work in Men with Wings and other pictures.

She's an experienced little picture stealer; curiously has grown only two inches in the last four years. Maybe Virginia needs goat's milk.

The inside dope: This easily may be one of those films that stick in your memory. The night watchman should be right up Barrymore's precinct alley; watch young Mr. Holden; keep your eye on the Weidler lassie, and observe the direction of Garson Kanin, who recently made a pleasant little film, A Man to Remember. The fellow has talent.

★ ★ ½ ". . . ONE THIRD OF A NATION"

THE PLAYERS: Sylvia Sidney, Leif Erikson, Myron McCormick, Muriel Hutchison, Sidney Lumet, Hiram Sherman, Iris Adrian, Percy Waram. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett from a play by Arthur Arent. Directed by Dudley Murphy. Released by Paramount.

ANOTHER message, not Shavian but via Federal Theater. The title derives from President Roosevelt's second inaugural address, in which he said, "I find one third of a nation ill housed, ill clad, and ill nourished. . . ."

Author Arthur Arent set out to show Old Man Slums as a deep-dyed scoundrel; with it won a Guggenheim Memorial Fellowship prize of $2,500 to carry on his social-dramatic studies.

The plot: A romantic girl of the slums (Sylvia Sidney plays these brooding charmers expertly) brings about long-sought tenement reforms through a son of generations of idle rich (none other than Leif Erikson, who in private life is lovely Frances Farmer's husband). Much of the action takes place in one of those dirty, rickety firetraps of the lower East Side, and reaches a climax in as gaudy a fire as you can imagine.

The film was made at Long Island studios in the East. The fire scenes, lighting up the night sky, blocked motor roads for miles around the studio. Happy drivers raced up, thinking it a real conflagration.

Besides Miss Sidney and Mr. Erikson, watch Sidney Lumet as a sinister cripple boy, a product of the slums with a hate-distorted mind.

This film, produced independently but released by Paramount, is, in a way, an experiment. Author Arent calls it a news-drama. He has tried to make it documentary drama, to create something of a fresh dramatic form.

In brief, romance in stark, staccato newspaperese.

The inside dope: This may be an exciting little social document; then again Director Dudley Murphy may tend toward artiness. It all depends on Mrs. Murphy's little boy Dudley.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4, 4), Suez (3, 3½), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½,—), The Lady Vanishes, (3½—), Four Daughters.

★★★—Gunga Din, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys (3,—), Submarine Patrol (3,—), Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, Angels with Dirty Faces (3½,—), The Shining Hour, Sixty Glamorous Years (3,—), The Cowboy and the Lady (3, 3), Gangster's Boy (3, 2½), Brother Rat (3, 3), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 2½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman.

AS TOLD BY THE LIVING AND THE DEAD

By Taia Schubert

My age then was twenty-eight.

They were calling me Dr. Farrady. God! It was good to live. . . . My future held so much.

Today I am twenty-nine. I have lived a thousand years since that fatal night. I am bitter. . . . No more shall my hands ease the pain of the sick . . . no more shall my hands feel my beloved instruments, and no more shall I walk down the long corridor. . . .

I hate to live—but yet I keep on living to hate him, curse him, hour after hour, day after day.

Oh, God! Forever to be in this wheel chair! . . .

A speeding car sideswiped mine. . . . You understand. I who loved life and was guilty of no wrong. . . .

FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE IN A WHEEL CHAIR.

The speeder escaped . . .

AND I SIT HERE AND HATE AND HATE AND . . .

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Maurice Chevalier.
2—Twenty.
3—Cotton.
4—Twenty-nine minutes and thirty seconds.
5—Hop Ching.
6—Niagara Falls, New York.
7—Nicholas II.
8—The Psalmist; Psalm 22:17—"I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me."
9—Rug accidents kill seventeen times as many as does electricity, according to insurance-company data.
10—Smallpox.
11—Indiana; Illinois.
12—Franz Lehar.
13—Dutch.
14—The rattan plant—in making rope bridges.
15—Maté.
16—The volt.
17—When angered, it secretes a displeasing, penetrating odor.
18—Printing by movable type.
19—A metallic element.
20— Brigham Young

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

DICKENS wrote a Christmas story about a haunted dream that led a mean old miser to a rebirth of good will. I want to tell you what really happened one Christmas Day to an American lady in India, and how she made use of superstition to save people's lives. . . . Daughter of a Missouri clergyman, Gretchen Green has traveled everywhere, working her way. Christmas once found her running a medical dispensary in a Bengal village, and there she served an American Christmas dinner to ten guests from ten different nations. Her Christmas tree was a small date palm trimmed with sandalwood incense sticks. Just as her plum pudding came on she was summoned to the village, where she was told the dread cholera scourge had struck. . . . With her medicines she hurried to the sick, but they refused to be doctored unless the remedies were administered along with magic chants. Gretchen racked her brain. Offhand she could only recall the "Double, double toil and trouble" lines of the Macbeth witches. So she wailed those words at the natives, and they swallowed their medicine with a sturdy faith that it would cure them. It did, too. What actually ailed them was acute ptomaine poisoning from eating overripe fruit kept on brass trays. But if Gretchen hadn't treated their superstitiousness as well as their cramps, many of them might have succumbed. She knew that other people's beliefs should never be ignored simply because they are not our own.

After living in Asia, Africa, Europe, and thirty of our United States, Gretchen Green now conducts a unique business establishment called The Whole World. Combination bookshop, art gallery, tearoom, and international catering agency, it's a sort of general store for sophisticates. Associated with her as hostess and decorating adviser is Jane Rich, daughter of Irene Rich, the radio star. They can furnish native cooks and foodstuffs for almost any kind of foreign-atmosphere party.

Here are some of their ideas about inexpensive novelties for Christmas entertaining:

Gild five-and-ten-cent-store goblets and plates outside and underneath with thick gold paint. Set on a golden-yellow tablecloth (dye an old one with Tintex). Looks magnificently festive. . . . Or drape the table with bright red oilcloth and set with green china and a holly centerpiece. . . . Or copy the Austrian peasants, who use a long white tablecloth hanging to the floor, with pine-branch clusters sewn to the hem. Touch up the pine with shellac, then sprinkle with artificial snow, and have one great big fat red candle lighted as the centerpiece. . . . For a Christmas cocktail party, get a boar's head of papier-mâché from a theatrical-costume shop. Have it carried in on a pewter platter surrounded by cocktail canapés made of highly spiced Philadelphia scrapple piled hot on small triangles of toast.

☆ To scoffers at Christmas-card sentiment I address this true-life story. A young wife left her husband last year, not long before Christmas. He telephoned. "Say," he asked, "what about all the cards we ordered with both our names on them?" Home she came to help him send out their cards. . . . "I remembered how we had started with opposite ideas about our cards," she told me recently, "then how we'd compromised and finally agreed on a Christmas message to our friends. It seemed to me we ought to try the spirit of that message ourselves. So I stayed. And I'm glad."

"Give me two nice chops off that poor little lamb."

☆ The playwright Eugene O'Neill gave a Japanese supper party awhile ago at his California home. Miguel Covarrubias, popular artist from Mexico, was there enjoying every mouthful rapturously. "I adore Japanese dishes," he later declared to me, "but I can't go to Japanese restaurants any more because I am personally boycotting the Japanese on account of the war in China. So now, when I get Japanese food for nothing, I love it more than ever." A sad fate—having appetites that will not keep step with your convictions.

☆ The *Christmas club sandwich,* my own recipe, may solve your cold-turkey problem. It makes a square meal. Fry thin cakes sausage meat; drain and split. Mix ground apple and celery with mayonnaise; season well. On hot toast spread butter creamed with a dash of tomato catsup. Build three-decker sandwiches, using halved sausage cakes below, cold turkey above, on lettuce leaf dressed with apple-celery mayonnaise.

☆ Much there is to be said for an exchange of tricks or toys between grown-ups who want the fun of Christmas-gifting without serious bother and cost. A moment's laughter can be a splendid present for any one of any age. Charles D. Morris, who edits children's contests for magazines and newspaper syndicates, tells me we'd be surprised by the number of grown-up people who compete for kids' prizes. The other day a gentleman of eighty-three years inquired if there were any age limit. Had his heart set on a toy train. "With a smokestack on the engine," he specified, "*not* one of these newfangled streamlined trains."

For your last-minute hustle, try the mechanical-toy department.

THIRD WEEK'S WINNERS!

$2,100

INTERNATIONAL

HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS

CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE
Mrs. Phoebe Hewison
Detroit, Mich.

SECOND PRIZE
J. W. Fuller
Chattanooga, Tenn.

A $5 WINNER
Frank Harper
St. Vital, Man.

FIRST PRIZE, $50

Mrs. Phoebe Hewison — Detroit, Mich.

SECOND PRIZE, $25

J. W. Fuller — Chattanooga, Tenn.

TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES, Each $5

Floyde E. Arde, Elgin, Man.; Stanford Ayres, West Hartford, Conn.; L. E. Burdick, Boulder, Colo.; Irvin H. Cady, Alpena, Mich.; W. S. Fortney, Fort Worth, Tex.; Max Freedman, Montreal, Que.; Jack Froebel, San Antonio, Tex.; Paul Gloch, New Tripoli, Pa.; J. G. Grant, Milwaukee, Wis.; Frank Harper, St. Vital, Man.; Stephen F. Harris, Dover, Mass.; Esther Hayden, Framingham, Mass.; Theo Heinemann, New Brunswick, N. J.; Leola B. Hipple, Pierre, S. D.; Mrs. W. A. Jorden, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Jack Kidd, Omaha, Neb.; Beulah M. Lee, Portland, Ore.; Nellie MacFlanders, Miami, Fla.; Mrs. Samuel J. Mure, Hamden, N. Y.; Mrs. A. W. Osborn, Vancouver, Wash.; G. L. Osmanson, Morris, Ill.; William H. Oxley, Chicago, Ill.; H. O. Reuse, Jr., Chicago, Ill.; F. E. Westley, Regina, Sask.; Daniel A. Winterbottom, Atlanta, Ga.

WHY NOT WIN A PRIZE YOURSELF?

WINNERS in the contest closing November 28 listed above had no more excellent chance to win than is yours in the current contest. Why not win a prize yourself? Time is growing short. After this week you will have only one more week's prizes to try for. Plan to win some money each of these last two weeks. And keep in mind the special award of $100 which will be paid for the best interior submitted during all ten weeks, regardless of whether it has won a weekly award. Don't neglect these last chances to win. Enter this week. Plan to enter next week. Watch next week's issue for more winners. Entries for this week close Monday, January 9.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated January 7, 1939, Liberty will award $200 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted in accordance with the following rules by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There are no restrictions regarding size of prints. If enlargements are submitted, the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached. **Send no negatives until requested.**

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after October 26, 1938, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will, upon request, submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Each print submitted must have the name and full address of the entrant plainly printed on the back. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first week's contest closed Monday, November 14, and succeeding contests close each following Monday, including January 16, 1939, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot, in order to win a prize, must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. On that basis each week of the contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the First Prize of $50. The Second Prize of $25 will be awarded to the second best, and prizes of $5 each will be awarded to the twenty-five entries next in order of excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL INTERIOR AWARD!

In addition to the regular weekly cash prizes, at the close of the ten weeks' series Liberty will award a special prize of $100 for the best interior shot submitted during the competition. This is over and above any prize that may have already been awarded such print.

Advertisement

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MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS all over the United States and Canada will make these additional awards for the best pictures entered in each locality through their dealers, after which they will be forwarded direct for entry into the Liberty Home Life Snapshot contest.

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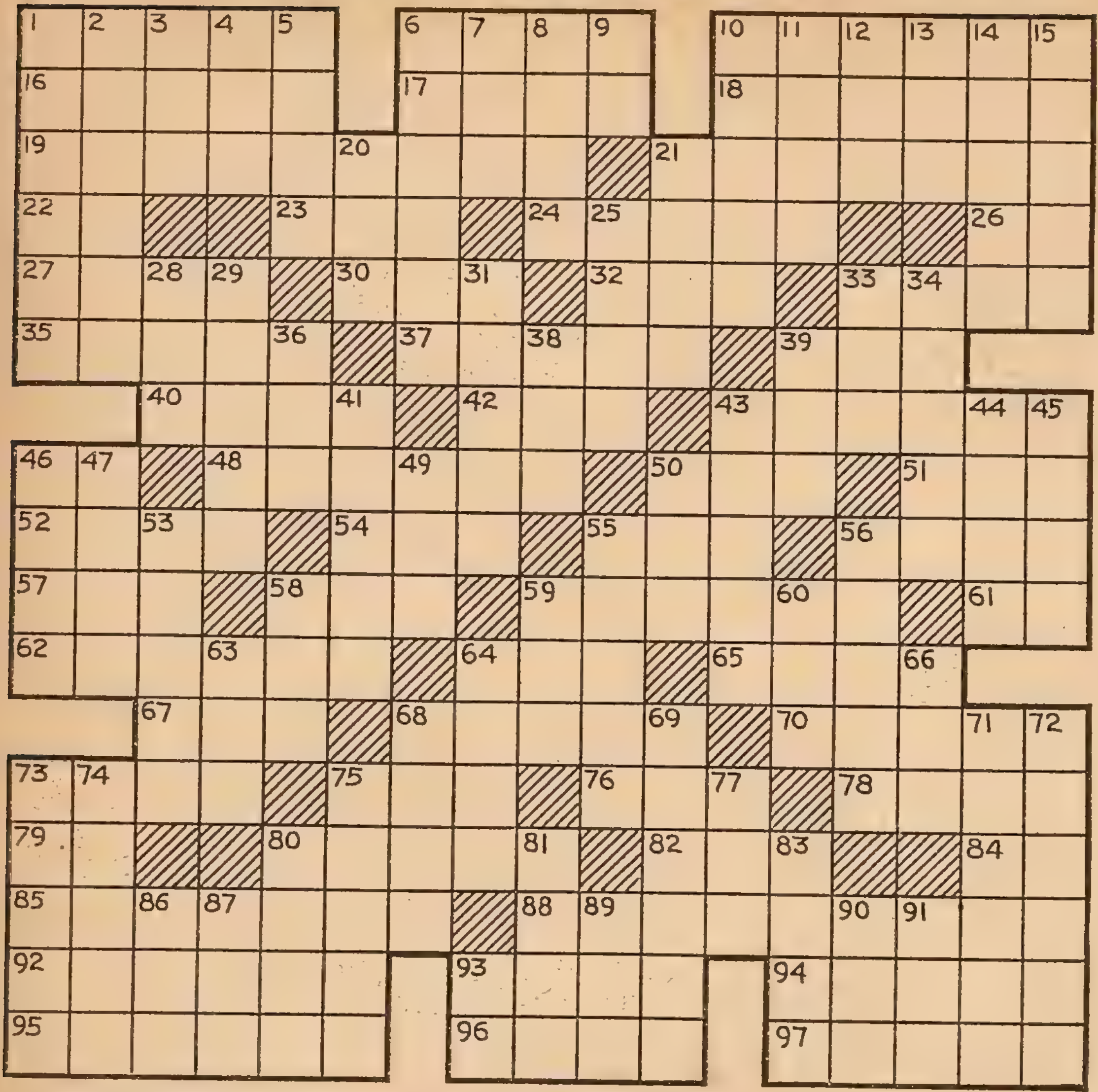
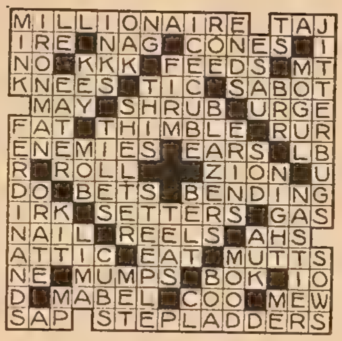


HORIZONTAL

1 Snatches
6 A rabbit
10 A beetle
16 Of the kidneys
17 A man's name
18 A sea painting
19 Friend of a lion
21 Serious addresses
22 By
23 Appropriate
24 Fathers
26 Note in Guido's scale
27 A vertical pole
30 Through
32 Scar
33 Friends
35 More cunning
37 Space between steps
39 Dressed pelt
40 Container
42 Conveyance
43 Outspoken
46 Pronoun
48 Forbore use of
50 Perched
51 Old English coin
52 Part of a church
54 A fruit
55 Belonging to him
56 Spoken
57 Bind
58 Part of a drama
59 Counselor
61 Compass point
62 Rasp
64 Begin to grow
65 Mistakes
67 Sooner than
68 Move something inert
70 Headdress
73 Type holder
75 Form of to be
76 Measure of length
78 Unimportant quarrel
79 While



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K	N	E	E	S	■	T	I	C	■	S	A	B	O	T
	M	A	Y	■	S	H	R	U	B	■	U	R	G	E
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A	T	T	I	C	■	E	A	T	■	M	U	T	T	S
N	E	■	M	U	M	P	S	■	B	O	K	■	I	O
D	■	M	A	B	E	L	■	C	O	O	■	M	E	W
S	A	P		S	T	E	P	L	A	D	D	E	R	S

Answer to last week's puzzle.

80 A Negroid
82 Islet
84 Pronoun
85 Softly bright
88 Superintend
92 Woman's name
93 Snares
94 Assistants
95 Animals
96 American Indian
97 Leavening agent

VERTICAL

1 Measure of weight (pl.)
2 A form of lease
3 Conjunction
4 To block
5 To spill
6 Restrain
7 Suffix: fruit drink
8 File
9 Printer's measure
10 Daub
11 Conveyances
12 Limb
13 River (Spanish)
14 To void
15 Defeats
20 Head covering
21 To box
25 Word of ratification
28 To taste
29 Annoy
31 Fastening device
33 Word play
34 Enthusiasm
36 Tear
38 Dejected
39 Obese
41 Surgeon's instrument
43 Class of society
44 Persia
45 Vale
46 Bark coverings for hides
47 Heroic poem
49 A furrow
50 Iniquity
53 Withers
55 Thicket of bushes
56 Fragrant plant root
58 Monkey
59 Mire
60 Scrap of refuse
63 Form of to be
64 Bosom
66 Undermine
68 To diet
69 To pass away, as time
71 Lifts
72 Bear witness
73 Man's name
74 For sale
75 Decreases
77 Recline
80 To the fullest extent
81 Employer
83 Salver
86 Extinct bird
87 Encore (Ital.)
89 A Shoshonean Indian
90 Contend against
91 Woman's name
93 A state (inits.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Will You Sleep or Cough Tonight
PISO'S
for Coughs due to Colds

BOYS!!

FREE!!!

WINTER SPORTS EQUIPMENT

SKATES—Hockey and racing, with fine leather uppers and tubular blades for speed and service.

SLEDS—Streamlined with back dropped for extra speed. Crucible steel runners. Smartly colored to make you the envy of all your friends.

SKIS—Whiz down the slope on a pair of selected wood skis.

TOBOGGANS — In three lengths with a regular rope handrail on the side just like the big professional ones.

INDOOR SPORTS—Boxing gloves, handball gloves, punching bags, gym outfits, etc.

Hundreds of prizes for YOU to choose from—and they're all FREE! And at the same time you're winning these prizes you'll be making your own pocket money. It's easy—and it's fun!

Fill in and mail the coupon today and we'll tell you all about it. Don't forget—write today.

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C.
L-12-31-38

Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and make money and win free prizes.

NAME.................................AGE.......
ADDRESS...
CITY............................STATE...........
Please have your parents show approval by signing here:
....

VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"The American Way of Life"

WEYBURN, SASK.—Mr. Oursler's introduction to and the first of Mr. Sokolsky's articles on advertising (November 5 Liberty) are *both* most interesting, and will doubtless be as effective and gain as much attention as the famous play, It Pays to Advertise. Advertising has accomplished a mighty work in the world and will continue to do so more and more.

However, there is something to be said on the side of the book mentioned, 100,000,000 Guinea Pigs. At first advertising was almost entirely good in its effects, but the evil of patent medicines became so serious, we almost have begun to think the evil is greater than the good.

Examine the average magazine advertising, and we find that ninety per cent of it appeals to the elemental instinct of fear, and that is not a wholesome spirit to be spread abroad. Job said, "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me," and millions are finding this to be true, and are then dosing themselves with nostrums that are making their cases worse.—*Robert Goodrich.*

LA CROSSE, WIS.—"Pressure groups" are at the doors of our free public schools asking to talk on "health" and recommending only one kind of healing.

"Pressure groups" are at the doors of our free public schools asking to talk on "cleanliness" and recommending only one kind of soap.

Advertising has its place, but not in our public schools.

Advertising is merely propaganda and it is in conflict with education.—*H. Clay Evenson.*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—I have just finished reading Mr. Oursler's introduction and Mr. Sokolsky's article on The American Way. I never fail to read anything I see with Mr. Sokolsky's name attached, and his first article on this splendid subject measures up to his usual high standard of being informative and entertaining.

At the end of his splendid article, however, appears a half-page advertisement of whisky, conveying the idea that whisky was good to warm you up when cold, and furthermore, that fine-looking men engaged in an American sport were accustomed to carrying a flask of whisky with them on their hunting expeditions.

I submit that both of these representations are false and misleading.—*B. H. Hartsfield.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—You are to be complimented on the Sokolsky articles on advertising. Another product which could be well used as an example would be borax.

I recently had a high-school pupil come to me for a few pointers to help her in regard to an article on Does Advertising Pay? I was surprised to have her tell me that none of the textbooks used in the school were in favor of advertising. Mr. Sokolsky's reference to such things creeping into our schools is not just a myth. You believe in advertising, so keep up the good work of advertising against these teachings which, if nothing else, are really not all-American.—*R. P. Wiley.*

REDWOOD CITY, CALIF.—I see an article in November 5 Liberty claiming that the first orange trees to bear fruit were grown in Riverside County, California, and were planted in 1873. The first orange tree was planted at Bidwells Bar, Butte County, in the year 1852, on the west bank of Feather River, near the first suspension bridge to be built west of the Mississippi River. For further authenticity, address the Chamber of Commerce, Oroville, California.—*N. J. Miller, E. M.*

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—I have just finished reading Mr. Sokolsky's article The American Way of Life. I wish to express appreciation of his refutation of certain points in 100,000,000 Guinea Pigs, which aroused by indignation.

To attack advertising without reservation is almost the same as to conclude that, since a person by the name of Jones murdered a Mr. Smith, any one bearing the name of Jones is a murderer.—*H. H. Hutcheson.*

CALLS NO ADMITTANCE AN OLD JOKE

LEE, ME.—Under your Two-Minute Stories you state: "Liberty will pay top rates for good ones."

If you paid top rates for No Admittance (November 5 Liberty) you not only cheated yourself but your readers as well, for I have read this same sketch in two joke books.

You often turn down what literary critics call excellent original two-minute stories, to give us old ones slightly rehashed.

Even the authors of No Admittance must have felt a bit guilty themselves, for they say, "worth even repeating."—*V. H. Knight.*

WHERE POE WAS BORN

NEW PETERSBURG, OHIO—Among your spasms of November 12 Liberty one individual tells us in Vox Pop that Edgar Allan Poe was born in Richmond. Another says he was born in Boston. Bufton's Universal Cyclopedia says he was born in Baltimore and died there. It states that his parents left him an orphan when a mere child and he was adopted by Mr. Allan, a wealthy Baltimore merchant.

Now, if Charlie McCarthy will tell us that Mr. Poe was born in Hollywood, we will just say that he was born in Poeland and let it go at that. But *what's the use Raven'n about it? Quien sabe?* —*J. W. Carper.*

LAMPASAS, TEX.—The Encyclopaedia Britannica (9th Edition) says Poe was born in Baltimore.—*J. C. Bierbower.*

CALL 'EM BLUEJACKETS—NOT GOBS!

HONOLULU, T. H.—Your caption writer in Vox Pop (October 22) adorns a letter from Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, with Gob Wants an Argument.

The word "gob" with reference to an enlisted man in the navy has long since been given the deep six. And it is just about as pleasing to the ear of a bluejacket as is "nigger" to the colored man.

"Gob" entered the navy in China about 1914. The Limeys brought it over from Scotland. The Scot coastguardmen chewed tobacco when they gathered to tell tall tales. Their gobs of tobacco juice left about after their parties gave them the name, and the navy adopted it.

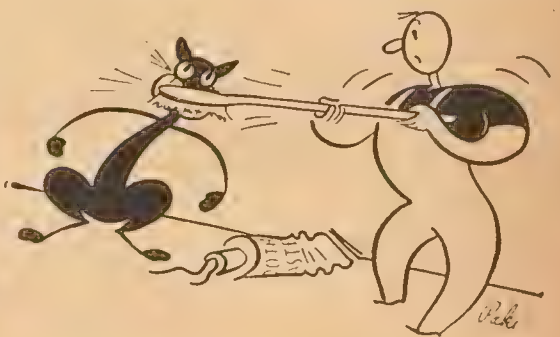
Hereafter, when you write of bluejackets, call them that—the name given in the dictionary for an enlisted man in the navy. We no longer chew tobacco. —*John Bunyan Atkins.*

BUY GUM, BY GUM!

SEATTLE, WASH.—

While Liberty lasts (rather boring to
some)
With its fiction so flaccid, its features
so dumb,
Plus a whopping Vox Popping—
Elsewhere I'll be shopping;
I'm spending my pennies for gum.

—*A. K. Blaine.*



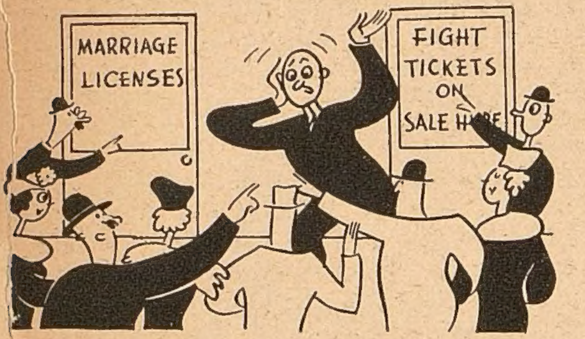
BRUSHING CATS' TEETH!

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Enjoy your magazine very much. Have especially enjoyed The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, Emerald Annie, and Hotel Hostess. But in November 19 Liberty (page 22) the sentence about brushing cats' teeth made me sick!

I don't care if it is an alley cat or one with a pedigree—with so many homeless orphans in the world today, I think people might better use that time brushing some curly head.—*Florence Phillips.*

SIGN LANGUAGE

BUTLER, PA.—Clerk of Courts Victor . Campbell posted two signs on his ter office doors. One of them read, Marriage Licenses"; the other, "Fight Tickets on Sale Here." Campbell was kept busy explaining that there was no connection between the signs, that he was just helping out some boxing promoters.—*Jim Jessy.*


MARRIAGE LICENSES
FIGHT TICKETS ON SALE HERE

HOW ABOUT SUPERSTITIONS OF MOVIE DIRECTORS?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—You have given us the superstitions of movie stars, but how about those of directors? Lookit:

Wesley Ruggles wears heavy plaid socks while directing; Henry Hathaway won't go to see his own rushes; Lewis Milestone is superstitious about sitting in a chair marked "Director"; William Dieterle always wears white gloves while at work; Rouben Mamoulian always opens the making of a picture by ringing a certain desk bell which he brings along and hooks up for that purpose; Alexander Hall has worn the same suit on the first day of a picture for seven years; Leo McCarey is superstitious about shaking hands while at work; Tay Garnett never shoots scene unless he has a ne in his hand; W. S. an Dyke always knocks n wood; and Robert Z. eonard has a pet cane which is his constant companion through every picture he directs.—*Tee-Hee.*

ORIGINAL IDEAS IN DREAMS

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Your darned Wisecrack Contest is getting me batty. I even dream about it.

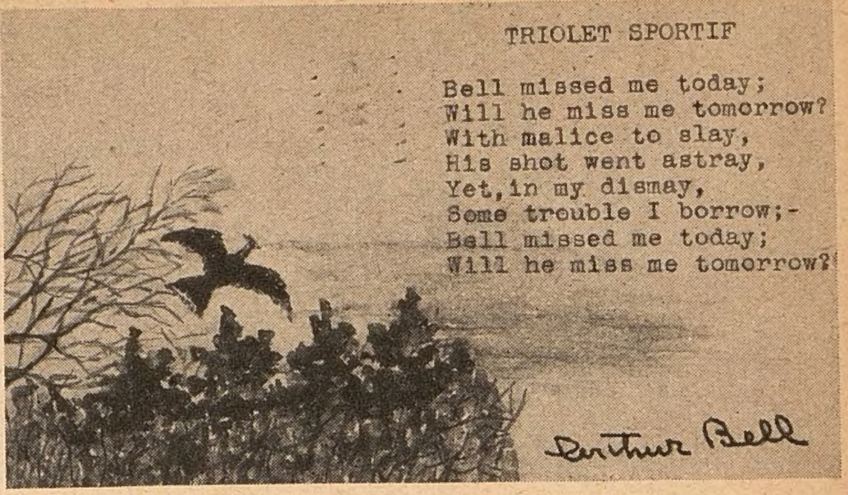
Last night, in my dreams, a girl friend and were discussing a man o had no success with ladies.

Yes," cracked I, "he's kind that 'brings 'em k aloof.'"

ow my worry is, did I ually originate that in dream, or had I heard omewhere before? Alugh I don't remember g so. If one can think original ideas in one's dreams, instead of rehearsing the worries of the day before, as I usually do, it opens up a whole new field of thought. Or does it?

Anyway, I think it would be fun if you would print the winning entries in the Wisecracks Contest. After all, Liberty is paying for them and you may as well let readers have the benefit of a few laughs if possible. Remember, the American people have a tremendous sense of humor. Look at the government we put up with. —*Bettie St. Clair.*

APROPOS OF CERTAIN REMARKS ON HUNTING IN SEPTEMBER 24 AND NOVEMBER 5 LIBERTY



TRIOLET SPORTIF

Bell missed me today;
Will he miss me tomorrow?
With malice to slay,
His shot went astray,
Yet,in my dismay,
Some trouble I borrow;-
Bell missed me today;
Will he miss me tomorrow?

Arthur Bell

HERE IT IS— IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PAGE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Will the Oxford Movement Bring Peace to Europe? (November 12 Liberty) was a nice essay but it missed the real works of the Oxford Movement in a tonnage of words.

I had occasion some two years ago to walk by the Metropolitan Opera House one night. It was all lit up and I figured a show was on.

I went to the window, and what was my surprise—they gave me a ninth-row seat for nothing. The house was jammed to the rafters, and coming in late I got a canceled reservation.

As I walked down the aisle, the President of the Norwegian Parliament, Dr. Hambro, was speaking, and he said:

"I am a simple man and I look at things in a simple way. The Oxford Movement can be stated in a few simple words:

"*There's your side, my side, and the right side—and if you and I turn to the right side* we have solved everything."

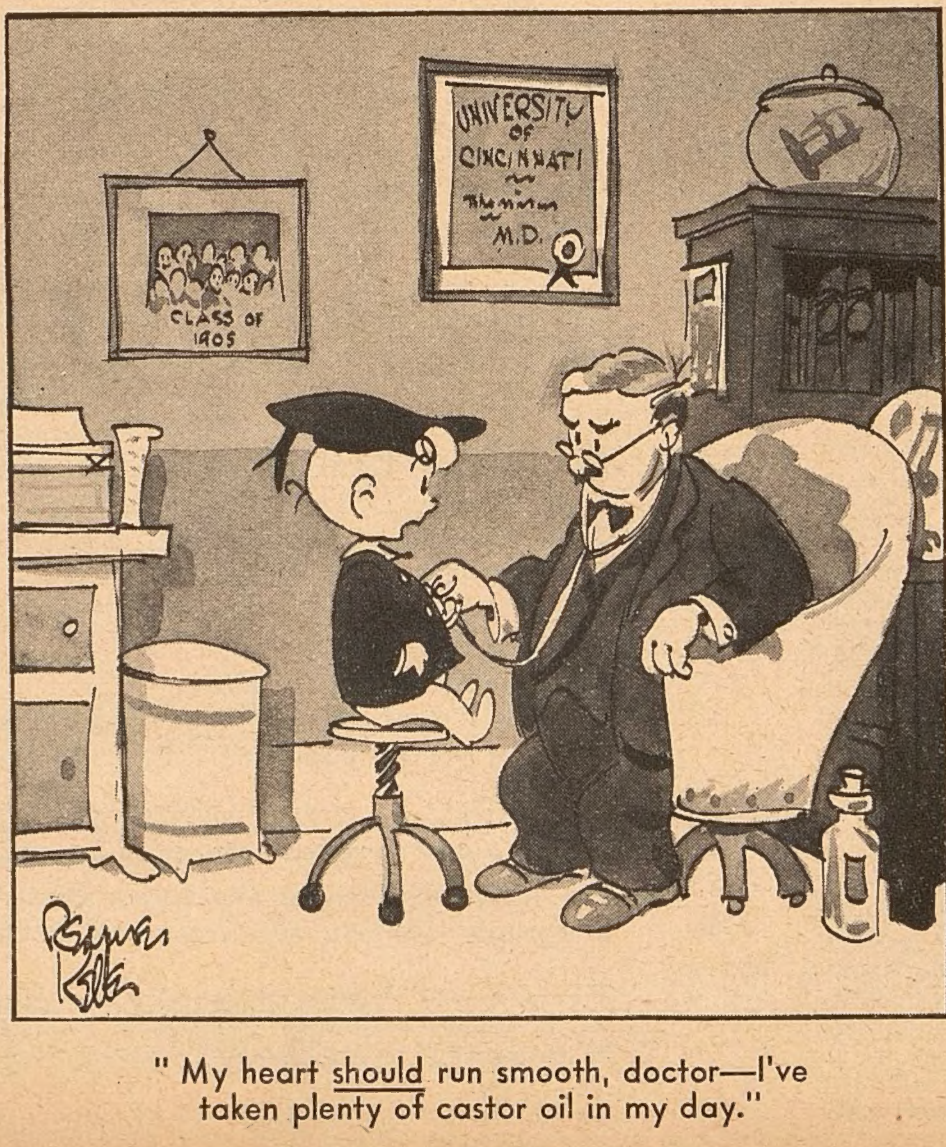
If you would print that in the middle of a page, you would have the Oxford Movement reduced to a practical measuring stick for business, for religion, and for life.—*Arthur D. Anderson.*

MACFADDEN'S VALIANT SERVICE IN THE RECENT ELECTION

PANGBORN, ARK.—As one of 130,000,000 United States citizens I salute Mr. Macfadden in recognition of valiant service rendered to the American people via his forceful, vital, and, I must add, fearless editorials which appeared in Liberty. In my opinion, which, I feel sure, is shared by many others, those articles contributed in considerable measure to the successful results obtained on November 8.

More power to Mr. Macfadden!—*Clifford Johnson.*

"HARDTACK"



" My heart should run smooth, doctor—I've taken plenty of castor oil in my day."

ISN'T ONE GOOFY COOP AS GOOD AS ANOTHER?

BOSTON, MASS.—The next time that the Vox Pop editor takes a vacation I would very much like to take his place for a few weeks. I do not think that my sense of humor would last longer than that. I'd wind up in the goofy coop.

At the moment I'm referring to Harold and Alvin's contribution, Lobong Lobive Lobibobertoby (November 5 Vox Pop). My partner says it isn't funny, that it's silly.—*Byron C. Hubbard.*

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT A NEW LIFE

DOCTOR BLANK, the hero of this true story, had peptic ulcers. He was one of the greatest of American surgeons. In the field of bone transplantation his hands had wrought miracles. An infected jawbone would be cut away, new bone taken from the ankle and grafted on, and a patient would leave the hospital not only healed but handsomer. The doctor was not only a scientist; he was an artist. . . . Yet this physician could not heal himself. Diet and fasting and other forms of treatment were of no avail. His fellow surgeons did not spare him the truth. An operation five years before, even two years before, might have saved him. Now, God only knew. . . . You would think that this famous surgeon would hasten to the operating room. Well, so he did. But not in the way you think. First, he sat down at the telephone and began to call up his friends. To one after another he asked the same question, made the same plea: "Do you know any poor person who needs an operation and can't afford it? Send them to me. I will perform the operation free of all charge and pay the hospital bills." . . . If you go now to the great city where this man lived and practiced his profession, you may find a boy who once had a tubercular hip and could not rise from his bed; now he is roller-skating with a girl friend. There is a child whose twisted spine was straightened by the rarest and most delicate of operations; there is an old lady with a new ankle—these and many more are the results of the doctor's free operations. . . . When there were no more asking for his help, the doctor put aside his surgical tools which for years he had wielded with such skill. He submitted himself to the same anesthetist, the same drugs that he had provided for so many of his patients. Like them, he went into a dreamless sleep. They did not know if he would ever come out of that sleep. When he did, he saw the pale face of his wife bending over his bed. He smiled at her vaguely; he smiled vaguely at every one in the weeks that followed—a vague man, sitting in the desert sun, recuperating from a desperate remedy for a desperate illness, body growing stronger, spirit in the depths. They said: "His heart is broken because he is so weak and may not carry on his work, perhaps ever again." . . . There seemed no way to reach this great spirit in a broken body and make it strong again. . . . But one woman who knew him well found the way. She stood beside his chair one day and put in his lap a pad of paper and a sharpened pencil. . . . "Write!" she said. He shook his head. "I have never written anything but prescriptions, and I can never write them again." "Look into your heart and write," she answered, quoting from Scripture. . . . Her smile, her earnest eyes were hard to resist. So he did write a little story, based on one of his uncounted experiences with human beings. With fear that was like stage fright, he brought himself at last to mail it to a magazine. Yes, you guessed. He mailed it to us. And you, all of you millions of liberals with common sense, read the story within the last six weeks. We cannot name it for you or betray the identity of this good doctor whose eyes are lifted once more to the sky. He believes now, and we believe with him, that he has found a new way to minister to the people. Not with his instruments, helping people, one by one. He may soon be a healer with a larger practice. Physician to the spirit of man, he faces life again with the one thing that makes it worth while: the opportunity to serve his fellow man. . . . TELLING ABOUT the doctor's new career has left us very little space to tell you all the good news about next week's table of contents. It is brimful and running over with first-rate stories and articles. First from the angle of current news interest is the annual ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA football selection. As you know, this method of choosing an all-star team is unique with Liberty; and we think it the fairest method and most accurate. Last year, distinguishing our selection from all others, Whizzer White emerged as the greatest player of them all; and when all the returns were in, that choice was justified. If you are interested in football, you will certainly not want to miss Norman Sper's annual feature with its announcement of the players to whom will go Liberty's gold football award. . . . EVEN IF you don't like football, you will find an issue packed with thrills and excitement. There are two wonderful short stories, SHE HADN'T GOT RHYTHM, by Elmer Davis, and COREY-BELLE LOVES . . . by Helen Hedrick, who made such a hit with her other story we recently published, WILD CAT'S KISS. . . . Then there is an article by Yosuke Matsuoka, one of the most eminent of Japanese statesmen, who with an appalling frankness tells WHAT WE FIGHT FOR. You may not like what Mr. Matsuoka has to say, but you will certainly have to thank him for his frankness. . . . And FLYING GOBS, a stirring fact story of war and aviation, comes as a comment on many conditions in the world today. . . . HOME-TOWN SUCKER MAKES GOOD, by Frederick L. Collins, is a most exciting true detective story, the hero of which is one of the candidates for Liberty's gold medal for valor in citizenship, soon to be awarded. These are but a few of many features that you will find in next week's issue.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appe ing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coinciden

COVER BY J. F. KERNA

YOU need a HOBBY!

Let Leisure League Books Help You Select The Right One

CARE AND FEEDING OF HOBBY HORSES
by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS
FREE BOOK
shows you how!

It is no mere accident that so many prominent and successful people have hobbies.

And, while presidents go fishing, bankers paint pictures and famous writers play at farming, thousands of others are finding the power to rise above humdrum jobs through the new qualities that hobbies are developing in their natures.

A HOBBY CAN HELP YOU IN MANY WAYS

It will not only bring more real fun into your life but will help you to forget your troubles, overcome boredom, make you more entertaining to others and it may even gain you the respect and admiration of the most influential people in your community.

Hobbies often make friends for you . . . make you more interesting . . . get you invited places.

A HOBBY CAN BRING PROFITS

Many a man has found, through his hobby, a new source of income when all other avenues have failed. Many a career has been changed by a hobby. Many a spare-time dollar is rolling in to people who started a hobby "just for the fun of it."

LET LEISURE LEAGUE BOOKS HELP YOU CHOOSE *YOUR* HOBBY

Selecting a hobby is like getting married—it's usually a life-time choice. So choose your hobby carefully—wisely. Let Leisure League Books guide you. The Leisure League was formed with the idea of helping people get more fun out of their spare time. Their low cost hobby guide books tell the how and why of many popular pastimes. One of the quickest, best and surest methods of deciding on the hobby that will best suit your needs is to read at least three of these interesting and informative books. They are listed in center of ad. And, above all, you should read

"CARE AND FEEDING OF HOBBY HORSES"

This fascinating book is packed full of hobby information. It is written by Earnest Elmo Calkins, one of America's great advertising men—a man who has mastered the art of living both at work and at play. It lists hundreds of hobbies, classifies them, tells you how to get started.

25 INTERESTING SUBJECTS TO CHOOSE FROM

2. YOU CAN WRITE *by F. Frazer Bond*
5. WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOUR INVENTION *by Edward Thomas*
6. TROPICAL FISH *by Lucille Quarry Mann*
7. PHOTOGRAPHY FOR FUN *by William M. Strong*
9. MUSIC FOR EVERYBODY *by Sigmund Spaeth*
10. A GARDEN IN THE HOUSE *by Helen Van Pelt Wilson*
11. THE LIFE OF THE PARTY *by Menaker and Folsom*
12. HOW TO SELL WHAT YOU WRITE *by Myron M. Stearns*
13. HOW TO DESIGN YOUR OWN CLOTHES *by Hannah Shelton*
14. STAMP COLLECTING *by Henry Renouf*
15. HIKER'S GUIDE *by Ben Solomon*
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17. DISCOVER THE STARS *by Gaylord Johnson*
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29. SKIING FOR ALL *by Otto Schniebs*
30. CREATIVE HANDICRAFTS *by Mabel Reagh Hutchins*
31. CHESS IN AN HOUR *by Frank J. Marshall*
32. READING CHARACTER FROM HANDWRITING *by Dorothy Sara*
34. DRAWING FOR FUN *by Walter Willoughby*
35. HOW TO MAKE MUSIC ON THE HARMONICA *by P. V. Planta*

Act Today On Our Special Offer!

Fill out the coupon today. For only $1.00 plus 10¢ for postage and handling, we will send you any three of the 35¢ Hobby Guides listed and include "Care and Feeding of Hobby Horses" free of extra charge.

OUR GUARANTEE

If any purchase you make from us is not satisfactory, return it within five days after receipt and your money will be refunded promptly.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

DEPT. L 12-31 205 EAST 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.
Dept. L 12-31, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Send 3 books checked and a copy of "Care and Feeding of Hobby Horses," free of extra charge.
☐ I enclose $1.00 plus 10c for postage and handling. Ship post paid.
☐ Send C.O.D.: I will pay postman $1.00 plus a few cents for postage and handling.
DRAW CIRCLE AROUND NUMBERS OF BOOKS DESIRED.
2 5 6 7 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
21 22 23 25 26 27 29 30 31 32 34 35
Also please ship..................extra books at 35c each for which I enclose..................
NAME..................
ADDRESS..................
CITY..................STATE..................

Tangerine days are here again!

For a few fleeting weeks each year, comes this festive fruit from Florida to gladden the heart of America.

And yet it comes in such abundance that every home can afford to keep a bowl where young hands or old ones can pick up these gorgeous morsels of goodness.

Tangerines are as easy to peel as slipping a glove off your hand. They're just as good for you as oranges, and even richer in calcium.

But the big reason for eating them is—they're delicious. After meals, between meals, in school lunches or after school, or on the bridge table—they're a treat that brings a smile of welcome.

Better order plenty while you are ordering—they certainly disappear.

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

Florida
TANGERINES